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The Week-end Review

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The Stimulus of Defeat
by R. H. S. Crossman

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Still Socialist
by Barbara Castle

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Royal and Professional
by Janet Adam Smith

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The Labour Inquest

THE inevitable inquest has begun. It will be all to the good—providing it does not degenerate into a wrangle of personalities. The problems facing social democrats in this country face them wherever science has increased production and ended the type of poverty for which Socialism seemed to the thinking working class the only remedy. It still seems the right remedy to those who realise how immensely greater the improvement could be if world resources were scientifically exploited; it still seems so, as the election results show, in areas of the north of England and Scotland where there is substantial unemployment and where the ugly pattern of the old industrialism remains substantially unchanged.

Where even a diluted Socialism has failed to make an appeal is in the rapidly developing areas in the Midlands and South where the artisan class lives in new houses and pays off the telly and the car on HP. Here it is difficult to convince the public that the windfall state—with vast capitalist gains in the City—is still evil in principle, that we still live in a jungle of exploitation. To too many, Mr Clore represents not a disturbing relic of *laissez-faire*, but the realisation of a weekend dream of success in the football pools.

Politics is always in some degree a fight between 'they' who are in the saddle and 'we' who hope to scramble there. In the past Tories have been proud to be 'they'; they have recently succeeded in persuading too many people that Socialism means bureaucracy and that the bureaucrats are now 'they'. Here the Labour Party has failed to show that big business and the Tory Party, which supports it and which it supports, are still the real 'they', and that nationalisation need not—and should not—mean administration of industry by Whitehall. The job is to make industry 'accountable'. As R. H. Tawney wrote 40 years ago in *The Acquisitive Society*, the question is one of 'constitution making'. How can these great industries, which exercise power over millions of men, be made answerable to the public? The basic difference is between responsible industry, the product of which is fairly distributed, and industries which, though often heavily subsidised by the government, are yet not subject to any form of public control.

The parliamentary Labour Party had not done its job in opposition. It was left to the last-minute electoral campaign to explain that the fruits of industry, even in a period of comparative prosperity, are still distributed with gross inequity. Labour was also handicapped throughout by the lack of a defence policy which would have enabled it to promise large financial savings on armaments without any accusation of bribing the electors.

Whether the enthusiasm stirred in the election is still maintained depends largely on the control Mr Macmillan exerts over his wild men. The composition of the new Cabinet shows he is aware of this and has sought to balance the increase in his back-benchers by promoting liberal-minded men. But restraining the die-hards may not be easy. Some of them would like an attack on the trade unions. In spite of sporadic and often ill-advised strikes, the TUC, hoping for a Labour government, has recently been a moderating influence. With the Tories in power, declaring, amidst take-over bids and City scandals, that under a free-for-all system we have never had it so good, wage demands will seem fully justified.

A struggle is also likely over Africa, which, Cold War apart, will be the dominant issue of the next decade. The new Colonial Secretary will have to be both wise and firm to prevent something like an Algerian war developing in Central Africa. Here we have the sharpest of issues. The Tories, at best, still regard the African colonies as places where, given time and good behaviour, Africans may gradually qualify for a share in government and where money may be sometimes spent to buy off discontent. Increasingly, in the Labour ranks, it is realised that while the industrialised countries get richer, Africa is actually getting poorer, as well as politically conscious. In Africa the contrast between 'we' and 'they' cannot be disguised. Our proletariat is in Africa, and it is here that the Labour movement may have most to exert itself and, in doing so, unite the progressive forces of this country.

Comments on the Week's News

The New Cabinet

Mr Macmillan, as expected, has made the minimum of changes among senior Ministers. Mr Lennox-Boyd, who has become a serious embarrassment in the last year, is out. Mr Butler rightly retains the Home Office, but also acquires the party machine – a plain intimation that Macmillan intends to keep his lunatic fringe in hand and will endeavour to impose a 'liberal' image on the party. Mr Macleod, another moderate, goes to the Colonies, arousing hopes that recent disastrous policies in Africa will now be amended, if not reversed. Mr Maudling and Mr Heath get their anticipated promotion, and will strengthen the younger wing in the Cabinet; both, together with Macleod, can now be considered as rivals for the leadership of the party. Mr Sandys has been demoted from his catastrophic tenure of the Defence Ministry; he may well do better at Aviation, which is now moving into the era of rockets – a cause which Sandys promoted nearly 20 years ago. Mr Marples, the live-wire success of the last government, gets the tough assignment of Transport; a sensible appointment. More open to criticism are the re-appointment of Sir David Eccles to Education – an indication of the frivolity with which Mr Macmillan views this vital Ministry – and the assignment of such a traditionalist as Lord Hailsham to Scientific Development; and, of course, the retention of Mr Selwyn Lloyd.

Towards the Summit

Mr Macmillan's electoral victory – which was received with delight in most western chancelleries and studious politeness in Moscow and Peking – has strengthened his hand in the whole field of foreign affairs. Significantly, it is to these that he has turned first. Although inter-Allied talks on the timing of the Summit are still continuing, Britain is still clearly pressing for an early date without the preliminary of a further foreign ministers' meeting. France would like to get Algerian peace-talks going before the Summit (and the latest news from Paris suggests there is a real prospect of this), while Dr Adenauer, as he made clear on Tuesday, still regards foreign ministers' talks as essential. To get his way, Macmillan is to start a drive to win back the confidence of Paris and Bonn – beginning with Mr Selwyn Lloyd's trip to Paris. This is liable to carry Britain into deep Continental waters. Relying on his personal success, the premier may well think the time has come to throw overboard his 'Empire' wing and come to terms with the Common Market powers. West Germany's revised proposals, which Dr Adenauer apparently thinks he can impose on a reluctant France, could provide Macmillan with the opportunity, though they still insist on the end of Empire Preference. But Dr Adenauer went on to hint that economic links would be followed by political links – an idea which may well appeal to the conservative leaders of western Europe, since it would tend to freeze the present rightwards drift of the electorates into a permanent, institutionalised mould. Meanwhile, the UN, far from speeding progress towards the Summit, is providing a framework for the Cold War irritants – the West's opposition to Poland's membership of the Security Council, the debate on Tibet – which are souring the mood evoked by the successful Camp David talks. The sooner the Summit is held the better.

Liberal Revival?

Statisticians are now at work analysing the Liberal vote and trying to judge both whether there is anything in the talk of a Liberal revival and at whose expense that revival, if any, is being made. On the surface, signs of a revival seem slight. The total of Liberal MPs remains at six. With twice the number of candidates in the field compared with 1955, 217 against 109, the Liberal vote is slightly more than doubled, at 1,600,000 compared with 700,000, and, on the whole the Liberals seem to have done best mainly in seats, whether Labour or Tory, which were strongly held and where an elector could protest against both parties while remaining sure that he would not disturb either. Unless therefore the detailed analysis, when completed, belies the superficial impression, Mr Grimond will not have gained much in the way of electoral bargaining power with which to back his offer of an alliance with the Labour Party. A more serious disadvantage still, however, is the difficulty of seeing what new policy the Liberals can offer which could attract Labour. They already accept Labour's policy on colonial affairs and generally march with Labour on foreign affairs; but their home policy consists of little more than minor criticism of the Tories and major criticism of the trade unions. While therefore it seems likely that in the coming Parliament, the Liberals will informally ally themselves to Labour on foreign and colonial affairs, as they have done in the past, the possibility of any set alliance or 'arrangement' in the country seems ruled out, short of a great new national foreign or Colonial issue which might be provoked by Tory backwoodsmen.

The Truth About Steel

While the City has been going berserk with the speculative rush in Steel shares, the truth about the much-advertised efficiency of this industry has now been leaked out in a discreet announcement from Vauxhall Motors. On Tuesday, Vauxhall stated that it would have to cut motor car output because of a shortage of sheet-steel. This must have been known for some days and deliberately held over until after polling-day. It is the most devastating refutation of the claims made by Mr Hurry and others that the steel industry is on top of its job. Profits, no doubt, they can make; but producing steel in sufficient quantities is evidently quite another matter. Indeed, an official of the British Iron and Steel Federation had the effrontery, in a statement to *The Times*, to blame this cut in car production, which will affect dollar exports, on the US steel strike – conveniently ignoring that the importation of steel from America was one of the causes of the 1955-6 exchange crisis. The claim of the Labour Party that steel should be publicly controlled has thus been completely vindicated.

NEXT WEEK

Liberalism and Socialism

An article by* Jo Grimond MP *putting forward the Liberal alternati · to a policy of 'nationalisation run from Whitehall'

White or Black Highlands?

The Kenya government's new policy on the White Highlands has been thrown into an already stormy political pool. If any kind of *modus vivendi* is to be established between Europeans and Africans it is essential to break through the barrier of white monopoly in the best agricultural lands of the colony. Ever since Michael Blundell realised that European settlement itself is now threatened by African advance, there has been increasing talk in Nairobi of finding a way of removing this central issue of African discontent. The mere suggestion has been enough to arouse the ire of the diehards, led by Group Captain Briggs, yet the Kenya government has now shown itself prepared to face the reactionaries by allowing non-Europeans into the Highlands, although hedging around the opportunities with many consultations and committee discussions. The proposal is bound to provoke bitter debate when it comes before the Legislative Council. It will be attacked by the Briggs European group on the one side and by the Odinga-Mboya African Nationalists, who claim the outright return of the Highlands to Africans, on the other. It may well prove a test case for the chances of any evolutionary form of progress in Kenya. Blundell will need all his resource to persuade his loosely knit supporters to back it. The moderate African-Asian group will probably approve the measure, but they fear bitter attacks from the extreme nationalists if they do so openly. Much is going to depend on the skill of the new governor, Sir Patrick Renison. He will need all the tact he has shown in British Guiana.

Asphalt Jungle

'Is Motropolis, the motorised city, going to be dominated and destroyed by the motor, or is it to be a city in which civilised man lives a civilised life, using the motor vehicle sensibly and economically as a tool for mobility?' The current issue of *The Architects' Journal* is given over to an examination of this crucial question: its answer is a devastating indictment not only of the chaos on British roads but of the absence of any serious, coherent plan for dealing with it. Whichever way one turns, the jungle is wellnigh impenetrable. Plans for roads have been based on false estimates of the rate of growth in motor traffic, and even then are inadequate. Traffic congestion costs at least £200 million a year, a cost increasing by 14 per cent. annually. Since the war, 72,000 people have been killed and three million injured on the roads. Because people want cars and because the industry's continued expansion has become an economic and political necessity, the chaos is going to grow more profound year by year. The argument, however, is not the familiar propaganda of the roads' lobby, but an appeal for a transformation in attitudes towards the whole problem of traffic before it is too late. Road-building must be seen not as an isolated operation but as part of town planning. National transport requirements should be assessed and a system planned to bring about a balance between the capacity of the road system and the number of vehicles on it. Public transport must be made attractive enough to prevent cities being strangled by private cars: the railways need to be developed hand in hand with new roads, and new underground railways are needed. The case, in fact, is for national planning.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Shock for U.S. Liberals

The defeat of the Labour Party is grim news for American liberals, because they have many of the same political problems and are no nearer to a solution of them than the Labourites. Unless a solution can be found, the Democratic Party faces in 1960 its third consecutive defeat.

The chief problem is how to oust a conservative administration which monopolises the peace-and-prosperity issues. Sophisticated observers may regard it as absurd to contend that one party is more devoted to keeping the peace than the other or that one has a special expertise in the art of peacemaking, but the fact remains that President Eisenhower's recent ventures in personal diplomacy have boosted his prestige. Vice-President Nixon, the leading contender for the Republican nomination next year, has benefited even more spectacularly from his own journey to Russia and Poland. The latest polls show he has overtaken all of his potential Democratic opponents, including the notably popular Senator Kennedy. Another poll by Dr Gallup reports the Republicans have a definite edge over the Democrats in popular thinking as the party more likely to keep the country out of war. This suggests that if the Republicans choose to nominate Governor Rockefeller, the only discernible alternative to Nixon, they could still benefit from the 'peace issue' because this is one of the few values of the Eisenhower record which accrues to the party, not just to the President personally.

If the peace-and-prosperity theme is so successful, how are the Democrats to escape the fate of Gaitskell and his colleagues? Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr, the Harvard historian and leading braintruster for the liberal politicians, has in recent months caused considerable stir with a lengthy speech, later reprinted and widely distributed, on the future shape of American politics. It is Schlesinger's contention that what is needed is a 'qualitative' liberalism to replace the old 'quantitative' liberalism of the '30s and '40s. The social welfare measures of the Roosevelt New Deal, combined with the post-war prosperity, have largely eliminated the ancient terrors of want, hunger, unemployment, and extreme poverty. Although serious pockets of poverty persist among such groups as migrant farm workers and coal miners, their circumstances are unrelated to the general level of prosperity and can be improved only by special remedial programmes.

With economic security virtually established, leisure time increasing, and consumer goods plentiful, the real issues, Schlesinger argues, are the quality of the lives we lead, the purposes to which we devote wealth, the ends we seek. There are numerous difficulties in this thesis. It is substantially a restatement of the thinking behind Adlai Stevenson's personal platform in 1956, 'Programme for a New America', which made almost no political impact. What better hope is there for it next year if the same peace-and-prosperity conditions prevail?

A second weakness is the difficulty in distinguishing between the old and the new liberalism, the quantitative and the qualitative. Schlesinger notes psychic discontents and various forms of 'spiritual unemployment' in the midst of material plenty, but it is not easy to prescribe political programmes for these maladies except the old quantitative ones like more government-assisted housing and, of course, higher old age pensions.

A third difficulty is, in practical political terms, most serious of all. Schlesinger argues, as does economist J. K. Galbraith in *The Affluent Society*, that the government should use the taxing power to take away private funds and spend them for socially useful, rather than merely private, purposes. Moreover, if cities are to be rescued from slum blight and the television channels rescued from the blight of childish programmes, then the government would have to attack the real estate industry, the television hucksters, and the other swinish interests whose greed adversely affects the quality of people's lives. There is no major politician now in sight who would dare advocate higher taxes and more aggressive regulation of these private interests. Nor is there any indication the public would support him if he did. The very prosperity that made the old liberalism obsolete makes it hard to win converts to the new.

Underlying the success of the conservative peace-and-prosperity theme are a profound apathy and political indifference, particularly among the younger people, who are heirs to the gains of the social revolution their fathers made in the Thirties. Barricaded within their split-level suburban homes, solaced by the regularity of their weekly pay-check, and transfixed by their television sets, they are deaf to the appeals of liberalism. Political romance is dead; the only smoke that gets in their eyes comes from their home barbecue pits. It is a discouraging comment on democracy, but most politicians believe the liberals' best hope for circumventing this apathy is to find a hero of their own and try to win on his personal appeal. Intellectual strategies seem less promising.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

New Delhi

The Crisis in Congress

Our Delhi Correspondent writes: In a letter to Subhas Bose in February 1939 Mr Nehru wrote:

> Public affairs involve principles and policies. They also involve an understanding of each other and faith in the *bona fides* of colleagues. If this understanding and faith are lacking, it is very difficult to co-operate with advantage. . . . The party rivalries in many provinces illustrate this and we find extreme bitterness and often an utter lack of scruple among people who are ordinarily honourable and straight. I cannot stomach this kind of politics and I have kept absolutely aloof from them for these many years. I function individually without any group or any second person to support me. . . .

Mr Nehru might say this – almost without modification – of the state of the Congress party today, and even of his functioning individually. The recent session of the All-India Congress Committee at Chandigarh, in the Punjab, came at a time when internal pulls and pressures are tending to create visible fissures in the organisation.

The A-ICC met primarily to discuss and approve the report on the third Plan of its Planning Sub-committee. The meeting was a sequel to its session in Delhi last May, when the A-ICC reviewed the practical application of the Nagpur resolution, that 'the creation of a democratic and socialist society should be clearly and unambiguously placed before the nation as the object of planning'. The Congress has come a long way and there have been some significant changes of emphases in the Nagpur decisions. Stress is increasingly placed on service co-operatives rather than joint farming; after Mr S. K. Patil took over the Union Food Ministry, even the decision about State trading in food grains is not considered irrevocable. Mr Patil has made clear that he is not 'either wedded to State trading or the opposite of it. State trading has got to be resorted to if it becomes necessary. If I can do without it I shall be happy to do without it'.

Observers have remarked on the fact that almost at every step in this movement towards flexibility, emphatic declarations have been made asking those members of the Congress party who did not agree with its policies to leave the organisation. Mr Nehru made one such declaration at Nainital, in May. At Chandigarh, the president of the party, Mrs Indira Gandhi, said forcefully that those who differed with the programmes of the Congress should leave 'this path and follow what they think to be the right path'. She referred to the new Swatantra party, saying that she did 'not consider it a danger at all if some people leave the Congress and join the Swatantra party. I consider it better if those who do not have faith in the Congress programmes leave the organisation'. It is possible, as some have suggested, that the sudden apprehension over Chinese motives, and awareness of what someone politely termed 'the undependability' of the Communists in India, have convinced Congress leaders that they must make their party compact and mobile, as it were. But, up to now, strong declarations of this kind have rarely resulted in significant departures from the party, nor have there been considerable cases of expulsion. The reason, observers say, is simple: rifts are not based on difference of conviction or programme, but, as Mr Nehru hinted in his letter of twenty years ago, on personal rivalries and ambitions. This is obvious enough from the plight of the party in the various states.

In the Punjab, the Congress 'dissidents', who are said to number some 3,000, have called a general meeting; their leaders met on the eve of the Chandigarh session, and it became apparent that there were 'dissidents' even among the 'dissidents'. When the bifurcation of bilingual Bombay is settled, the Akali leader, Tara Singh, is expected to raise the issue of a Punjabi-speaking state; the Punjab Congress party is divided. The Madhya Pradesh government is putting through the Assembly a security Bill for use against 'anti-social elements', and even a group of Congressmen appears apprehensive. The Bombay Congress is split after the decision to bifurcate it. Gujerati Congressmen are angry and reported to be demanding continuation of a bilingual Bombay; the Maharashtran Congress is torn over the question of Vidharba's inclusion into or exclusion from the coming Maharashtra state. In Andhra, rival Congressmen recently exchanged blows in Bellampalli, an industrial town. In Orissa, the organisational wing of the party seems doubtful about continuing a coalition government, and in Kerala, there can already be heard anxious grumbling over the possible distribution of seats in the elections next February.

It is true that the Congress still stands for democratic growth, secularism and generally progressive policies. More: it continues to be identified with the national interest, which no other party in India yet does. But, as one observer remarked, 'if it does not put its house in order immediately, disaster awaits the Congress at the general elections, and disaster for the Congress might prove a disaster to the country'. This may sound a little over-urgent, and constant repetition may even have made the sentiment seem platitudinous. It is none the less valid for that.

Fleet Street

Shattered Mirror

The Labour Party would appear not only to have lost the election. It has also lost the *Daily Mirror* – at any rate for the time being. On Saturday the *Mirror* was still 'Forward With The People'. By Monday it had decided that there was no bonus in being as forward as all that. The famous slogan, originally run up to the masthead on 11 May 1945, ten days after the death of Hitler, and flaunted proudly day by day for nearly fourteen and a half years, was dropped without a word – or even a sigh. After brooding on the election results over the weekend, Mr King and Mr Cudlipp, it appeared, had come to the conclusion that for a paper that wanted to hold on to thirteen-odd million readers, not forward with the people but ring-a-ring-a-roses with the people was the proper theme (oddly enough the other boast: 'The Biggest Daily Sale In The Universe', which used to appear under the title on the back page of 'the paper with two front pages' was also dropped at the same time). 'Here's the *Mirror* . . . Sparkling with *NEW* ideas. *New* features. *New* contents. New writers . . . THE RACE INTO THE NEW YEAR,' proclaimed Monday's issue, adding pointedly, the *Mirror* 'Moves With The Times' – so much so in fact that it had not space for a leading article of any kind. Instead its readers got Tommy Steele's Life Story.

On Tuesday it announced with a flourish 'The Accent is on YOUTH. The accent is on GAIETY'. Dick Crossman, whose column had probably been more widely read by the politically interested, including MPs of all parties, than any comparable feature in any daily paper, has been dropped – actually notice to terminate his contract was given before the election, no doubt on the theory that if Labour won he would be certain to have office and would not be available and if it lost he would not be wanted. So, too, was Jane, who gave all – or nearly all – so often and so nobly to keep up morale in the darker days of the war. Jane, who had been growing more sedate for some time, concluded her long Odyssey on Saturday sailing into the sunset with her Georgie as he murmured 'Jane, Darling, now's the time to say goodbye to the past – we've lots of planning ahead' – words that must have rung prophetically in the ears of some of the more politically committed of the *Mirror's* staff. Planning ahead for the *Mirror* included, it was soon revealed, 'Surprises and Prizes', instead of politics. 'Calling all Lovely Girls,' it shouted, 'Big News for Weight-Watchers' it cooed, 'Calling all Housewives.' And in place of Jane – and Crossman – there was Pattie, the girl from the provinces, who is off to London to set the metropolis alight, and 'Bleep Bleep', the feature that 'brings you tomorrow's news today'.

'Let's all make it the BIGGEST POLL EVER,' the *Mirror* had urged on Thursday. '*Your* X Can Make The Difference Today. To Hell with the telly until we've all voted.' But from Monday onwards it has taken careful research to discover from the *Mirror* that such a thing as an election ever existed. Most other papers have been busy on 'Labour's New Thinking'. The *Mirror* has been too busy on its own to bother about any nonsense like that. 'Inflexibility of policy is not necessarily healthy,' wrote Hugh Cudlipp in his history of the *Mirror's* rise, *Publish and Be Damned*, adding: 'A newspaper may successfully accelerate but never reverse the popular attitude. . . .' Now the axioms are coming home to roost.

Perhaps the *Mirror's* change – or if you prefer it new look – should not cause as much surprise, and sorrow, as it has in some places. Mr Cecil King has always believed that the people have the last word and that the *Mirror* must go where they do. Where he miscalculated was in believing that where there was a movement of opinion – as there undoubtedly was between the beginning and end of the election campaign – the *Mirror* could enormously increase it. This time he was proved wrong and seems to have accepted, perhaps too easily, the verdict of his dwarf competitor, the *Daily Sketch*, that 'The truth about the *Daily Mirror* of today is that its political influence in the country is negligible'. And so, for the time being, it is goodbye to politics – which will be a bitter blow to some of the best of the *Mirror's* staff, many of whom have been as good as they have because they believed that behind the gaudiness and brashness they were serving social and political purposes. Goodbye for the moment to politics – but not necessarily, I think, goodbye for ever to Labour.

Behind the swiftness of the change is the fact that the *Mirror* has been losing circulation – its average was down to below 4½ million for the first time for years in the first six months of this year. Further, the King-Cudlipp team has found that it has taken on an even bigger job than it expected with the Amalgamated Press deal. At the moment the Amalgamated Press – now rechristened Fleetway Press – is swallowing money on a pretty prodigious scale (the printers' strike hit it badly) and so far there are no brilliant new successes in sight. The *Mirror's* touch *may* work in the magazine field but it has not demonstrated itself yet. In these circumstances it has been decided that no risks be taken with the *Mirror*.

This change of direction by the *Mirror* could give the *Herald* a break – and one that it badly needs. The *Herald*, which fought a brilliant propaganda campaign during the election, is not opting out of its Labour loyalties. On the contrary it has decided to reaffirm them more positively.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Still Socialist

QUITE early on polling day it was clear that our hopes were going to be fulfilled. 'They're coming in nicely for this time of the morning,' said the stolid chap in charge of the committee room. Already his wife was allowing herself a note of excitement. 'The first one to go was that old lady across the street. You should have seen her hobbling along,' she said. 'She wouldn't let us fetch her in a car, though she's only got one leg.' I crossed the cobbled street of two-up-and-two-downs to pay my respects. The old lady rose in delight when she saw me, pulling herself up painfully out of her chair to offer me the inevitable cup of tea. Her tiny home was like something out of Dickens – dark, low-ceilinged and peeling with damp; due for demolition, no doubt, but a telling footnote, all the same, to Tory 'prosperity' in 1959. When I congratulated her on having voted so early, she retorted that she had never missed voting Labour and didn't intend to now. 'I'm 79,' she added triumphantly, propping herself against the table on her one leg. 'Worked in the mill all my life,' and, with a chuckle, 'I'd go back now, if they'd have me.' The indomitable old of Lancashire, with their poverty and their memories, were turning out in strength again.

Up on the new housing estate the setting was different, but the story the same. The pleasant Council house was made pleasanter still by attractively patterned wall-paper and a bright colour scheme. Here the ward's attack was being directed by an able young man of the white collar class. He stood over the lists of promises like a general planning a campaign and was handing out orders to an eager young throng when we arrived. He had not only mastered the 'Reading system', patented by Ian Mikardo; he had improved on it. It was he who had worked out a fool-proof scheme for getting the 'removals' transported across the town so that not one precious minute should be wasted by the drivers of our laboriously accumulated cars. The Tories might have 200 cars to our 90, but they were not going to make any more effective use of them.

The old and the new, working for the same end. It was this which made the campaign so exhilarating. Never had I fought a more satisfying battle and now it was coming smoothly to its planned climax. For three weeks the certainty of victory had been mounting. Workers had materialised out of thin air. Strangers had poured in from outside. Passers-by had taken to shouting their good wishes across the street. The proprietor of the garage where we fuelled the car furtively wished me luck. In the back streets the children were passionately on our side. It seemed we could not lose.

Nor did we in Blackburn. On the contrary, we increased our majority by nearly 500 per cent on an 85 per cent poll. Yet other constituencies, equally enthusiastic, found their hopes betrayed. What made Blackburn so different? Certainly our organisation was undoubtedly well above average. Blackburn is a compact town, easy to organise, and we had been busy remedying the deficiencies of 1955. Then we have a full-time agent and assistant agent, both of them of outstanding calibre. They are fortunate in having an enthusiastic assortment of party workers to draw upon. Tough old-timers, who know every voter in their wards personally, have been reinforced by a keen younger element always ready to try new ideas. Though it has its inevitable weaknesses, it is a good party. Organisationally, we threw little away.

On the political side Blackburn had two special factors in the campaign. First, it is the headquarters of the old age pensioners' movement, and as such is probably particularly alive to the pensioners' needs. They have their own club. They meet for cups of tea at welfare clinics. The Salvation Army runs a 'sunshine hour' for them. Lancashire people are tough and live long if they live at all. There are few families without an elderly parent to worry about. When I talked about pensions at my street corner meetings I got nods of agreement from the younger folk.

The second was the sense of insecurity that spreads through any area where the cotton industry plays an important part. Cotton is no longer Blackburn's staple industry; indeed, it only provides 15 per cent of its employment. But up to now cotton has provided a reservoir of work for the women, particularly the older married or widowed ones. There are few families in Lancashire where Tory prosperity is built on one family wage. The majority of them rely on the wife's earnings to buttress them against the high cost of living and provide that TV set. Now, with 20 mills closing under the Cotton Reorganisation Scheme and 2,500 operatives under notice, those earnings are in jeopardy. Women with thirty years of work in cotton behind them are being told they are too old for the new industries.

Blackburn is a religious town, too. The Catholics, now that the new settlement about their schools has met their denominational needs, have been concentrating on the political issues and the majority of them are working-class with a strong bias of sympathy for the underdog. The Nonconformists are deeply disturbed about events in Africa. All denominations tend to bring old-fashioned considerations of conscience to bear on public life. When the Tories tried to use Cyprus against me, it boomeranged. Perhaps that is why my vote went up by 200 in the strongest Tory ward.

Some people now argue that these are local issues on which Labour cannot found a national policy. Lancashire, we are told, is not representative. The loyalties in these older industrial areas – including Scotland and South Wales, where Labour also did well – must no longer be our guide. We must base our re-thinking on the modern, prosperous, forward-looking areas of the Midlands and South. There they are not interested in Hola or pensions. All the workers want is to be left alone to do well for themselves.

But Labour's problem is not as simple as that. What is happening in Lancashire is still a universally valid illustration of Conservative policy. The plight of old age pensioners in Blackburn and elsewhere proves how sound is Labour's argument, reinforced by successive social surveys, that a general rise in national prosperity does not, of itself, get rid of poverty. If we are going to be panicked by the materialism of the Midlands into giving the strong the all clear to go ahead and exploit their strength, pockets of poverty will be with us indefinitely.

We know, too, that prosperity, even for the prosperous, is finding its outlet in the wrong priorities. Mr Macmillan has boasted that the TV set is the badge of prosperity. In the back streets of Blackburn the TV aerials are there all right; what we lack are thousands of decent houses to put under them. Fifteen years after the war the town is still largely a blight area and the Tories' only contribution to this problem has been to put up the rents of houses that no amount of patchwork repairs can turn into decent homes; to cut the local council's housing programme from 300 to 200 houses per year and to put a council house out of the reach of the poorer families by raising the interest rates. Loan charges for an average council house in Blackburn have gone up by 15s. 6d. a week since 1951, besides the loss of the 10s. a week general housing subsidy.

Yet, while the local council struggles to keep down rents and rates, the state once again comes to the help of a private industry. Cotton workers were in no mood to listen to attacks on nationalised industries. They know that they are helping to pay out of their own pockets for the most lavish compensation ever paid to private enterprise. The only way this government knew of helping the cotton industry was to give £80 tax free for every loom scrapped – even if that loom had been earning its owner money for the past fifty years and had not cost him more than £10 in the first place. Compensation will average £30,000 per mill, tax free; money that the firm is free to take out of the area and use as it likes. Labour MPs had moved an amendment to the Cotton Bill stipulating that compensation paid to cotton firms must be reinvested in the same area. The Tories voted this down. Now Mr Macmillan says his first act will be to introduce a bill to clear pockets of unemployment. He can only do it by some form of control like this or by still more lavish bribes of private enterprise.

Panic-stricken pundits are now telling us that the only way for the Labour Party to survive as a political force is by abandoning Socialism. The trouble is of course that Mr Macmillan has only survived by absorbing large quantities of it. The Tory party did not fight this election on Toryism, but on a most un-Torylike policy of social responsibility. They could not have won on the Tory deflation and economics of only a year ago, but only by reversing or promising to reverse those policies of the past nine months. Mr Macmillan will only continue to survive to the extent that he can carry out those promises and curb the greed of his own vested interests; to the extent that he does so, Labour's task will be made more difficult, but that will not mean that his policy is on the wrong line. It will be no solution to the Labour Party to react into the arms of Jo Grimond on a hotch-potch programme of 'Radical' measures that have no underlying social philosophy or economic roots.

As for public ownership, it has certainly proved a liability in the election. It could hardly be otherwise when the Labour Party itself was so obviously shy about it. So conditioned has the public mind become as a result of the Tory advertising campaign, that even the announcement right in the middle of the election campaign that the nationalised electricity industry had made a profit of £27 million last year made not the slightest impact on the general belief that all nationalised industries are losing money. By playing down public ownership while the Tories attacked it, Labour inevitably got the worst of both worlds. Here again Labour has not been putting public ownership in its proper philosophical context: a belief that creation of wealth is a social act (often directly financed with public funds) and that forms of ownership ought to be involved which would share the fruits more fairly and communally. Our biggest bugbear here is the danger of bureaucracy: it is here that re-thinking is urgently necessary. But it is not a task that should be beyond our powers.

And if we were to abandon this effort, what alternatives remain to us? We shall have to stand idly by while our national life develops increasingly on American lines and a society emerges in which the development of public services such as transport, health and education take a poor second place to the pursuit of private wealth. Ironically, it is the Tories in the outlying resi-

dential areas of Blackburn who have been writing to me recently to protest against the closing down of uneconomic branch railway lines. They say that British Railways ought to be run as a public service and not on commercial lines. How right they are! The consequences of an American-style mechanised free-for-all in this cramped island are horrible to contemplate.

Do not let us fool ourselves. Labour cannot win back power on a collection of middle-class issues such as 'don't hang Podola' and the Wolfenden Report, important as they may be. Labour's function is to civilise society economically, so that men and women are educated by their environment in a sense of community and in a wider vision of self-interest than the pursuit of a higher and higher individual wage. If we forget this lesson while learning others that must certainly be learnt – lessons of organisation, of presentation, of the need for more political courage – then the Labour Party will die from the inside, and men of conscience and social vision will turn away from us.

BARBARA CASTLE

The Stimulus of Defeat

Too often our Socialist reaction to defeat is the hunt for the scapegoat, we exculpate ourselves by blaming Transport House, or accusing the leadership of sacrificing Socialist principles. What has been noteworthy this week has been the complete absence of this odious search for an alibi. I have yet to meet a single Labour candidate who denies he was inspired by Hugh Gaitskell's leadership, even though Gaitskellite policies are not to everyone's taste. As for Transport House, even our opponents admit that Morgan Phillips's daily press conference enabled us to seize the initiative, and compelled the Tory press to give us fairer treatment than in any previous election. Comment on our television and sound broadcasts has also been pleasantly generous. What matters here, of course, is not the approval voiced by the television critics, but the success of these 'party politicals' in presenting the electorate with an image of a go-ahead Party with modern ideas.

Two anecdotes will suffice to show what I mean. When I was being motored to my meeting in a Kent marginal, my driver remarked: 'Before the first television show last Monday, things were dead here, but on Tuesday morning all the fellows were talking about it in my factory, and we began to get volunteers'. The second incident took place outside the GEC in Coventry, where I was buttonholed by a staunch Tory girl. 'What you are doing is dishonest,' she said. 'Normally you appear in your true colours, out-of-date and full of class hatred. But since the election began you have been putting yourselves across on the telly in just the way to appeal to young people. It's not fair.'

These comments may provide the explanation for the most puzzling feature of this extraordinary election campaign. Why did we start with such a brilliant winning rush, and why did that rush fade away in the last three days? Of course at this stage one must rely on personal impressions, but I don't think the following would be a misleading account of what happened in the Midlands. When Parliament broke up last July, the mood of the MPs and constituency parties alike could hardly have been more sluggish. Most people felt, and a few said openly, that Macmillan 'had it in the bag'. Yet directly the campaign began, this defeatist mood cleared off like autumn mist, and the Labour Party morale soon became as sunny as the weather. The little band of helpers with whom we began in each ward swelled rapidly as people we had not seen for months or years reappeared in the committee rooms. Within a week of the start resignation had been transformed into a confidence not merely in local victory but the possibility of electing a Labour Government. I don't think I have ever experienced a change of mood so rapid or so fundamental. At the beginning of September, before Hugh Gaitskell returned from Moscow and addressed the TUC, the Labour Party was glumly facing the prospect of a Tory hat trick. Less than three weeks later it was surging forward with far more helpers, far less internal bickering and far better internal organisation than any election I have fought, including 1945.

No wonder Hugh Gaitskell was so sure, when he went to the count on Thursday night, that we had just about scraped home, and that it would be his job to form the next Government. From what I hear, almost every Labour candidate with a winnable seat shared his illusion. No wonder too that there was such bitterness and dejection when it was discovered that we had only been able to hold our own in Lancashire and advance in Scotland. Outside the areas of actual unemployment we had been licked by Tory prosperity – and frequently had done worse than in 1955. This last discovery was the most perplexing of all. To most of us the 1955 election is a drab memory of internal bickering at the bottom, divided leadership at the top and a general feeling that Labour was not fit to govern. 1955 in fact was the worst show we ever put up, yet in terms of votes we seem to have done worse this time.

The explanation, I think, is that in this era of Tory prosperity a Labour opposition has to run very fast in order to stay where it is. Each year which takes us further, not only from the hungry Thirties but from the austere Forties, weakens class consciousness. And if nothing is done to stop this national tendency, more and more Socialist voters turn first into don't knows and then into active Tories. It is my belief that the campaign which Hugh Gaitskell led is the only thing which prevented a catastrophic landslide last Thursday. Without it we might have lost not twenty-three but up to a hundred seats, and been left with virtually no representation south of the Trent. What we achieved was a last minute rally which enabled us to poll our loyal vote throughout the country, and even to make some middle of the roaders consider the possibility of voting Labour. It would be wish fulfilment to pretend that the election was a near thing. What is true is that throughout the campaign Labour made the running, and until the Tories launched their counter-attack was actually gaining ground.

Yet it is surely obvious that an Opposition who only start fighting when the election has been announced are at a fatal disadvantage against a Government on the warpath ever since Mr Macmillan took over. Our campaign was lively enough to revitalise our own Party, and incidentally to prove how hungrily it has been waiting for a lead. What we could not do was to wake up and capture the reasoned consent of the non-political masses, lulled into a trance by years of Tory propaganda. That is why, when the Hailsham counter-offensive came, it dinted so quickly the image of Hugh Gaitskell as the Premier who could give us not merely prosperity, but fair shares in prosperity. What our campaign lacked, in fact, was the sheer weight provided by massive propaganda before the election begins. Indeed, as the Tory girl outside the GEC suggested, it may have been a factor which caused distrust when the don't knows compared the Hugh Gaitskell they saw on the telly with the image of the Labour Party imprinted on their minds during the last eighteen months.

What of the future? In my opinion the Manifesto on which we fought stood the test pretty well. Indeed quite a number of candidates and Party workers with whom I talked were delighted to find what a sensible policy we had! Even though National Superannuation was published more than two years ago, for example, this campaign was the first occasion when the Party as a whole accepted it as part of their creed and began to preach it to the unconverted. So, too, the admission that the country is prosperous under the Tories, and that our job is to ensure that prosperity is fairly shared had not been made unreservedly before the campaign began, with the result that our case for the under-privileged was much weaker than it need have been. In many ways, indeed, the Manifesto was ahead of much Party thinking, and that is why I would hope that most of the policies in it will be even more effective in the next election campaign – provided that they have been advocated continuously in the years between.

Indeed in my view what we need is not (heaven forbid!) yet another period of Socialist rethinking at the top of the Party, while the rank and file continue to flake off into inactivity. No! What is required is that the crusade launched in this election campaign should be continued, widened and deepened now that the election is over.

But for this one revolutionary change is needed. Unlike the Tories, the Labour Party has two 'Establishments'. First there is the War Establishment which comes into action during an election, and after a Labour Government has been returned. Secondly there is the Peace Establishment, under which the Party functions when in opposition. An opposition should be organised for attack, and in particular for strong leadership and quick tactical decision. But when we are in opposition we submit ourselves to the full rigours of a written constitution, somewhat more enfeebling than that of the French Fourth Republic. This effectively prevents the kind of leadership Hugh Gaitskell has been showing in the last three weeks, denies him even the right to select his own shadow cabinet, and enables any powerful pressure group to veto or delay essential changes of policy. Of course, this stultification of leadership is theoretically possible even under a Labour Government; but in fact it is rendered harmless by the authority inherent in the Premier's office.

Surely it is time to recognise that if we want a fighting opposition, the leader must be entrusted with as much authority as he has when he heads not a shadow cabinet but a real Cabinet. It is not a question of changing the Party constitution, but merely of ensuring that it is not abused in such a way as to strangle effective action.

If the leadership, however, is to exert more power of decision, there should be a compensating grant of freedom to the rank and file – not only the rank and file MP, but the rank and file councillor and the rank and file member of the constituency party. When Herbert Morrison suspended Standing Orders in 1945, the Parliamentary Party proved itself the best we had ever known. Since then obedience to majority rule under threat of expulsion has been restored at

Westminster, and imposed even more vigorously in many Council groups and constituency parties. As a result vitality has ebbed away; and the image of the Labour Party presented to the public is illiberal and often tyrannical, compared with that of our opponents. If we are to become a modern Party, attuned to the younger generation, our first task is not to rethink our policies once again, but to liberalise our Party institutions. We should trust our leaders with real authority, and they should trust us to think for ourselves. Of course, if we relapse into opposition-mindedness and revert to our peacetime establishment, this will lead first to tensions and then to splits. But if we remain what we were during those wonderful three weeks of the election – a campaigning, crusading Party – then a dose of the tonic of freedom will do us a power of good.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

A GENERAL election leaves behind a mess like Christmas, but rather more sordid. All those leaflets, rosettes, promises; all that pumping of new wine into old bottles. Ah, well! It's over now. On the whole, the result made me more gloomy than any since 1931. Not because of the Conservative majority. I don't personally mind much being governed by people like Boyd-Carpenter and Walker-Smith rather than by people like Greenwood and Wedgwood Benn. What depressed me was the meanness of the terms of reference. It all turned on keeping the hire-purchase payments going. Only very, very few people cared whether, in Africa, we made one last effort to turn a selfish, grasping oligarchical form of white domination into a serious attempt to create a prosperous, free, African society. Only very, very few people felt, as I did, a burning sense that men who were capable of planning and mounting an operation like Suez should be howled off the public stage with catcalls and rotten eggs. Or, for that matter, that when, for the first time in history, man had devised a means for his and his world's total destruction, there was something pettifogging in a passionate preoccupation with the little benefits which might accrue from this or that pension scheme.

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My own personal participation, such as it was, was to go and speak for Fenner Brockway at Eton and Slough. For me, he is a nostalgic figure of the old Labour Party into which I was born, and therefore more sympathetic than the later U intake. We had a pleasant evening, and I was delighted to see he got in, though by a narrow margin of only some eighty votes. Egotistically, I thought I might have helped with one or two. Some of the defeats were distressing, particularly Michael Foot's. He could have had a safe seat anytime, but wanted to recapture his own old seat in his own part of the country. I like him very much. His approach to politics is romantic and fervent. Wilkes is more his hero than Stafford Cripps. He is a radical rather than an idealogue or tidier-up. Mrs Webb would have disapproved of him, though she would have found him, despite herself, irresistible. Once, when we were together at Lime Grove, we idly turned over the pages of the Visitors' Book. In it, taking up a whole page, was the signature, 'Philip'. We could not resist signing our own names minutely in a corner of the same page. It was, perhaps, rather silly, and even a shade ill-mannered. All the same, I should like to know what happened. Did they erase our signatures? Or tear the page out? Or just leave it as a curiosity?

* * *

On election night I went to a party at Geraldine House and got very drunk. I like to think that this was due to depression over the results, but it is conceivable that the same thing might have happened anyway. Even so, I won two bets (total winnings £3) over Barbara Castle's result. I bet that she would increase her majority, in the first place because she had proved completely right about Cyprus, and was the first person to propose the settlement which was accepted, and which had been available for at least five years past. In the second place because anyone who comes in for abuse, as she did, from the really stupid elements in what used to be called at selection boards (probably still is), the 'officer class' must benefit therefrom. In the third place because she had been attacked by Mr Godfrey Winn. This is one of those strokes of luck, like being attacked by the Beaverbrook Press, which few candidates dare hope for.

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I have been looking at Evelyn Waugh's biographical study of Ronnie Knox. Waugh is, in my opinion, unquestionably the best prose writer in the English language today. It is always a pleasure to read him. In Knox he had a slight subject. I knew Knox a bit; his two brothers, Wilfred and Evoe, better. These sons of a masterful, low-church Anglican bishop were all highly intelligent, but somehow timid. They gave the impression of being strangers in a strange world. They shrank from the chill winds of the age. This may have been partly due to their having come from Ulster, which produces exhibitionist soldiers, noisy evangelicals, but apologetic mystics, and (almost the same thing) verbal rather than Rabelaisian humorists. Anyway, Ronnie Knox, with all his charm, erudition, wit and piety, seemed to me not quite of this world; on the other hand, decidedly not of the other world as envisaged, say, by Blake, Dante and the author of the Book of Revelation. He was like a visitor to a Butlin Camp who pined, not for deserts of vast eternity, but for a quiet hotel in Kensington, or, better still, an Oxford or Cambridge College. Sydney Smith rather than St Francis seemed his master – but Sydney Smith on a diet, and in restricted company.

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When Knox was dying Macmillan was Prime Minister and very charmingly arranged for him to stay at Downing Street, and to be seen by the Queen's doctor, Sir Horace Evans. Most of us had not known they were so intimate. Waugh's book, I think, provides the key. It refers to a certain 'C', a contemporary at Oxford, with whom Knox corresponded and conversed on religious matters. Indeed, from the letters quoted, it would appear that C was deeply sympathetic with Knox in his High Church Anglican phase, and even considered at one point following him into the Roman Catholic Church. 'I'm going to be rather odd. I'm *not* going to Pope until after the war, if I'm alive,' he writes to Knox in July 1915. There can be little doubt, in fact, that C is no other than the present Prime Minister. That Macmillan should have gone through a religious phase, fostered by the undoubted sanctity of Ronnie Knox, is in no way surprising, and entirely creditable. What interests me is that it should have been thought expedient to hide his identity.

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After all, it is not yet regarded as an actual misdemeanour to have at some stage in life considered devoting one's life to the propagation of the Christian faith, even in its Roman Catholic version, rather than to promoting the interests of the Institute of Directors. Why should C's identity be hidden? Were his early and zealous spiritual aspirations regarded as electorally disadvantageous? Did Dr Hill object? It is an interesting, and perhaps significant, conundrum, which will not, I am sure, prevent Mr Macmillan from reading the lessons, when the occasion offers, as he has before, with due decorum.

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When I look back at the Prime Ministers of my time, it seems to me that each of them has embodied the spirit of the age as it was unfolding. (I leave out Bonar Law, who, like the *Sunday Express*, was invented by Lord Beaverbrook.) Asquith represented the dream of a marriage between academic distinction and privilege which would beget generations of lush and painless liberalism. Lloyd George the venal and intensely vulgar vitality, which would keep the band playing, and the honours selling, and the pips squeaking. Ramsay MacDonald the university-extension educated, picturesquely attired image of a proletariat which ought to be dangerous, but was, oh! so harmless (ask Lady Londonderry!). Baldwin a fine, solid, well-heeled, middle-of-the-road Englishman, who smoked his pipe, and liked his pigs, and retired at last to the country as a plain earl. Churchill, the old indomitable past, with his grisly ersatz-Biblical rhetoric, his notion of scribbling in pencil on a piece of paper how the world should be divided with Roosevelt and Stalin. Attlee, the social worker, getting the chaps to play snooker and ping-pong to keep them off the streets, and out of the pubs. Eden, the living proof that attending the League of Nations or the United Nations does not preclude reading Proust. Goldeneyes are smiling. And now Macmillan to keep the wheels of the affluent society turning to the benefit of one and all. They are characters in a play called: 'The Revolution That Did Not Happen'. And how fortunate, after all, for you and me that it didn't!

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A woman, aged 90, who eighteen months ago was committed to a hospital for the aged against her will, was summoned at Chesterfield yesterday for failing to pay £482 15s 6d, the cost of keeping her in the hospital. – *The Guardian*. (Olive Shaw.)

Mr. Macmillan autographed the plaster covering the fractured arm of Mrs Gladys Soppitt, wife of the club secretary. She said afterwards: 'When the doctors take off the bandage and plaster I shall ask them to be careful, and if the autograph is preserved, we shall probably raffle it for local funds'. – *The Guardian*. (Jeffrey F. Smith.)

Last week he took the 60-minute test and failed. He said: 'I can't understand it. The examiner would not say why I failed. I had a spot of trouble with my gears when we started off: we went backwards because I put the gear into reverse by mistake. I am determined to take another test and pass this time.' – *Observer*. (John H. Sinclair.)

The novelty of eating and drinking in expensive places, or driving luxurious motor cars, soon wears off, and it becomes just another job, carried out not for its own sake, but in the hope of achieving benefit to the business. – Letter in *The Times*. (H. T. Chilton.)

Whatever the outcome of the poll, the 1959 election campaign has been a signal and significant success for Labour. – *New Statesman*. (Lord Boothby.)

East Meets West

Our Paris Correspondent, K. S. Karol, has recently re-visited Russia, where he travelled with the Labour Party delegation, and the United States, where he covered the Krushchev visit for the Paris weekly L'Express. *As a fluent Russian speaker, who knew personally many members of Mr Krushchev's entourage, Mr Karol was well placed to observe the dramatic meeting of minds which occurred. In this first article, he records his general impressions of the visit.*

'Eye-witnesses of history'—this was the title of the daily TV programmes which recorded virtually every moment of Mr Krushchev's 13-day progression through America. And, indeed, US viewers certainly had the impression of watching a unique event, the smallest detail of which would be inscribed in the history books of future generations. It is easy to understand, therefore, that long after Mr Krushchev's departure Americans continued to argue about this extraordinary man. His jokes, his rages, his clowning have passed almost into American mythology, and if it were suddenly announced that he was to visit the country again, US opinion would react to the news with the spontaneous delight usually reserved for a great international film or theatre personality. Hence, whatever the results of the Camp David talks, Krushchev has every reason for believing his visit was a success and that the Cold War ice has been broken.

A European observer, while noting this, must at the same time admit that the behaviour both of the US hosts and of their visitor was, in some respects, profoundly disturbing. The visit not only failed to remove, but in some fields actually strengthened, prejudices on both sides. Here are some specific examples. On his arrival, Krushchev came slap up against a marked coldness—if not actual hostility—from the American people. The silent Washington crowd even refused to respond to obviously friendly gestures from Krushchev and his wife. Similarly, in New York, his smiles produced no reaction, and in Los Angeles—whose mayor belongs to Eisenhower's own party—measures were taken to isolate the Soviet leader from the population. To this should be added certain obvious *gaffes*—the brevity of the welcoming speech at the airport, the flat refusal to show him Disneyland, and the notorious can-can affront. No wonder Krushchev concluded that he was getting 'the treatment'; hence the big explosion at the mayoral banquet. Several hours later, he sent Gromyko to warn Cabot Lodge that he was thinking of bringing his trip to an abrupt end.

And then came the miracle. At Santa Barbara, an enthusiastic crowd, led by their mayor, was waiting for Krushchev. 'It's of no significance', an American colleague told me, adding that the town was a sort of American St Tropez, a seaside resort for well-heeled leftish intellectuals. But the same thing happened at the next stop—St Louis Oleispo—and at San Francisco the welcome was genuinely warm.

The explanation? The Americans, I think, were at first extremely worried about the intentions of their unknown visitor, but they felt an immediate spasm of guilt when he reminded them that he was the official guest of their president. Already, at the Los Angeles banquet, 90 per cent. of those present were on Krushchev's side and applauded when he upbraided Mayor Poulson. The popular swing to Krushchev was therefore spontaneous, though it was sharpened by the State Department's decision to thin out the security screen.

The Russians would thus have had every reason to chalk up a public relations victory, to point out that the US press had applauded the behaviour of the silent New Yorkers and Washingtonians, and therefore to argue that the change in the public mood came about despite, if not against, the will of the newspapers. Unfortunately, their profound ignorance of how America works led them to a much more dangerous conclusion. At the beginning, they claimed, special cars preceded Krushchev, calling on the crowds to remain silent; after the Los Angeles explosion, the order was reversed, and the US public told to behave naturally. Thus Krushchev's misunderstanding of the relationship between US government and public opinion was deepened.

A second significant episode was the visit to the 20th Century Fox studios. US journalists took a complacent view of this. 'For decades Hollywood has been the capital of vulgarity, and everyone here knows it. The Russians might just as well know it too.' Unfortunately, this is too simple in view of the damage done, not only to the artistic reputation of the West, but also, indirectly, to Soviet artists and writers. Watching the irritated embarrassment of the Krushchevs at the uninhibited prancings of the Hollywood chorus girls, I could not help thinking of conversations we had had in Moscow a fortnight earlier when I accompanied the Labour Party delegation. The first took place by mere chance, when a member of the Central Committee put it to us that Jules Dassin's *Rififi* was simply a lesson in gangsterism. He cited it as a justification for maintaining restrictions on cultural imports from the West, and despite the protests of Hugh Gaitskell and Denis Healey (both of whom liked the film), he remained adamant that the Party was the only reliable judge of what is good for the moral and cultural education of the people. We had a further discussion during the Bolshoi's anti-colonialist ballet (adapted in theory from Peter Abraham's *The Path of Thunder*). While admiring the virtuosity of Lepieshiuskaia, the ballerina, the Labour leaders were unable to prevent themselves from laughing at the crude caricature of colonialism which the ballet painted. This led a leading member of the Supreme Soviet to remark that their anti-colonial convictions seemed dubious. Bevan and Gaitskell replied that the government to which they belonged had liberated 500 million colonial subjects—more than twice the population of Russia, and that Africans today looked more to Labour than to Russia for help. A confused and bitter exchange followed. To smooth things down, our host compromised: he admitted the ballet was not perfect, but added that it could not possibly be performed outside the Communist bloc. 'Why not in London?' replied the Labour leaders, and launched once more into the laborious task of explaining that anti-colonial plays, films and books existed in Britain, that Western art was not entirely devoted to sex and crime, and that artistic freedom was not synonymous with pornography. And so on.

I have no doubt that very many Soviet intellectuals and artists would have been on our side during this discussion. I know through many Polish contacts, who are bitterly opposed to state control of culture, that their Soviet colleagues incline the same way. But it is equally clear that the political chiefs, from Krushchev's downwards, believe sincerely in the necessity for such control. Obviously, Krushchev's Hollywood experiences have reinforced this belief. At San Francisco, during his stormy session with the union leaders, Krushchev leaped up, wagged his bottom and lifted his coat-tails in a grotesque imitation of the can-can. It seemed funny at the time. But I have an unpleasant feeling that he is going to repeat his performance in Moscow—whenever Soviet writers or artists ask for more liberty of expression. And I can see him accompanying his movements with the words: 'You want freedom—to transform the Bolshoi into a music hall?'

Finally, let's turn to the monotonous Soviet-American exchanges during the banquets. Americans like competition. They applauded warmly when Krushchev demanded: 'You think your system is better, and we believe in ours. So let's have peaceful competition and see who is right. If you get better results, we'll admit it, but personally I'm convinced that one day we'll draw ahead of you and that then you'll grasp the superiority of Communism'—etc., etc. Such debates seemed to myself and other European observers far too superficial. For after all, can Krushchev seriously believe that Messrs Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Kennedy and Co may one day make the sporting admission: 'You have proved that your ideas are better and we have therefore decided to introduce Communism to America'? Or equally, is he likely, having admitted the faster progress of the capitalist world, to order the Russians: 'Open a Stock Exchange in Moscow and change over to the American system of free enterprise'? What is more, this puerile debate is made even more misleading by falsification of the evidence. By no stretch of the imagination can the IBM electronic computor factory at San José be regarded as typical. It is new, for one thing, and its situation, design and amenities (sculptures, swimming-pools, etc.) are quite exceptional. None of this prevented Mr Watson, IBM's president, from telling Krushchev: 'Mr Chairman, you are visiting here an average American factory, with average American workers'. Later, in San Francisco, Krushchev did not fail to boast: 'I can let you into a secret: we also have factories like IBM's, and we make electronic computors even better than yours'. These banalities were the theme of all the exchanges.

But this said, I still believe that both sides learnt a lot from this visit. Travelling through both countries within a short space of time, I became convinced that both suffer equally from the purely unilateral nature of the information they receive about each other, and from the effects of their own propaganda. In speaking to Russians, even those who try to be open-minded, I often get the impression that after a certain point what I am saying becomes unintelligible to them, because they do not understand the western way of life and because their heads are overcrowded with stale clichés. Words appear to have a different meaning to them. In America, true, there is not the same chasm; but no one can deny that American public opinion gets a dangerously one-sided view of world events. After travelling for a fortnight with several hundred American journalists, I came to the sad conclusion that America also has one-party rule, at least so far as the presentation of international affairs is concerned.

In these conditions, the simple fact that Mr Krushchev was able to see for himself the dynamism and prosperity of America, and that Americans, in turn, were able to see him—and note that he does not possess horns and a tail—is a major contribution to ending the Cold War. But it is equally clear that many such visits will have to take place before stable coexistence, let alone Soviet-American co-operation, becomes possible and effective.

K. S. Karol

Twickers at 50

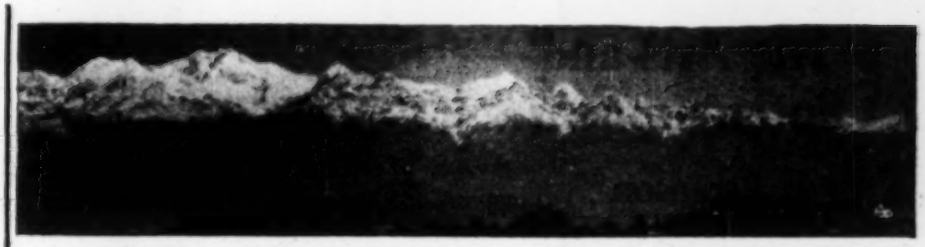
At Waterloo the flat caps, the duffle coats, the accents that mark a man from Kuala Lumpur to Carmarthen, all moving, the middle-class masses, towards platform 19; in the car park, the Bentleys and the TR3s; and along the touchline the screaming boys in blazers, and in the stands the men with unmistakable faces and the pretty women in camel hair coats: how did the middle-classes manage for a Twickenham before Twickenham was opened exactly half a century ago? Its turf is watered with the sweat, tears and, now and then, blood of the public school idea. Rugger, as it's unselfconsciously put, is the Man's Game, and Twickenham is its HQ.

To see Twickers as the ideal middle-class symbol is not just knockabout Marxist fun. It was built as a demonstration that the southern English public school men could hold their own against the decision of the ungentlemanly boys of the north to turn professional. Its creation was an act dedicated to the amateur spirit, which in England, as in Scotland, was the gentlemanly spirit. The light is now flickering a little, the paraffin leaking slowly away. All sorts of people are starting to play the Game, even chaps from Secondary Moderns. Not quite so much as in Wales perhaps, but that sort of thing. Some of the clubs in London don't like it – some do – but it's happening. These schoolteachers from Wales seem mainly responsible, but there it is. Of course you'll never get the egality of Llanelly, but it will be along the same path. (Last week, to select two conversations at random at the Llanelly-Swansea match, I was told by a builder's labourer just off to the dogs, who had drunk 20 pints already that day, who took snuff, that the snuff was the only thing keeping him alive; and by a tinplate man that his brother held the record for singing while he swam – four and a half miles. This is not the kind of conversation one hears, or the kind of people one meets, if you take my point, after a Harlequins match at Twickenham.)

There have been portents. For two out of the last three seasons booing has been heard at Twickenham, which, according to experts in the field, is something new. Once it was heard when an Australian kicked an Englishman, an example of the deplorable sort of thing that can happen today'. One gloss on this situation is that booing is a sign that the spirit is burning low. I find this dubious. It's the kicking that is bad. Twickenham people like to think that Englishmen never kick people: it is only foreigners like the Australians or Irish or Welsh who conduct themselves in a fashion unbecoming to a gentleman and rugby player. A big and tough friend of mine who played his first match in the Welsh side at Twickenham tells me that his first experience in international rugby was being painfully kicked by an Englishman. Like other ideologies, this one doesn't bear a close, rational examination.

What's sadder about the occasion of the anniversary is that the rugby played is not what it was. Twickenham was built at the end of a decade in which, by common consent, the game was at its best, before concepts of power, the notion that rugby is war continued by other means, quite took over and reached its dead end in the South African *blitzkreig* tactics. It could be that the men from the Secondary Moderns, the Comprehensives, will give Twickenham a shot in the arm. But soon they too will wear flat caps and duffle coats and move towards platform 19; the accent, too, will become the same.

W. John Morgan



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The Arts and Entertainment

Berenson

MANY years ago Bernard Berenson became a legend. He received innumerable visitors and all of them spread it. They carried away reports of a perfect private kingdom, the repository of all humane learning and sophistication, and the clipped, immaculate image of its ruler, a figure of unimaginable distinction, governing generously but absolutely with the dicta of unarguable authority – shedding on each caller the remaining lustre of a golden age.

Berenson needed the visitors. They might, as he wrote, be total strangers or the merest acquaintances; anyone would do, anyone but a doubter. Though he came (during the war when he was starved of them) to think that he had been born to talk rather than to write, he did not admire 'the performer, the verbal soloist, such as among my acquaintances Oscar Wilde, Montesquiou and d'Annunzio were'. He was rather the rare, genuine conversationalist, one in whom the stimulus of company – 'especially certain society women' – liberated and satisfied not only virtuosity but a human impulse.

Nevertheless, one could hardly guess from the much-published legend, a myth that was no more than the truth, that there had been another, Berenson. In his twenties, some seventy years ago, he had talked to a friend at a café table:

> 'You see, Enrico; nobody before us had dedicated his entire activity, his entire life to connoisseurship. Others have taken to it as a relief from politics, as in the case of Morelli and Minghetti, others still because they were museum officials, still others because they were teaching art history. We are the first to have no idea before us, no ambition, no expectation, no thought of reward. We shall give ourselves up to learning to distinguish between the authentic works of an Italian painter of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, and those commonly ascribed to him. Here at Bergamo, and in all the fragrant and romantic valleys that branch out northward, we must not stop till we are sure that every Lotto is a Lotto, every Cariani a Cariani. . . .'

It was a solemn moment, the beginning of scientific Renaissance studies. It is not altogther easy to see what the late, splendid social myth had to do with the founder of the modern understanding of some of the profoundest art of man.

We could hardly put the two halves together if Berenson had not done it for us. During the war, in forced retirement, he wrote a book, *Sketch for a Self-Portrait*, which is like nothing else that the great art-historians or the great cultivated dazzlers of the luncheon-table have left us. If at the start he intended no more than polite self-depreciation, the planchette element of the pen in his hand (which he knew well) ran away with him. The sense of regret which he plays with assumes an unexpected reality. The reminiscent reflections which rise to mind become as they accumulate an extraordinary list of people who ever made disobliging remarks about him. The regrets uncover an incongruous sense of failure, and a fantastic catalogue of supposed reasons why he failed to make the best of himself. The whole direction of his efforts was perhaps a tragic mistake. At last, very near rock bottom, he discovers his inability to love. He was 'merely an affectionate caressing creature . . . rather than a person with a heart'.

Probing thus one feels that he is contemplating, involuntarily but with the precise sensitiveness of connoisseurship, the feeling of the examination, the exact quality of misgiving, rather than its object. In one revealing passage he even equates the momentary sensation of a rebuff to his self-esteem with the only other reaction of equally intimate rapidity. A lady in the train breaks into abuse of an unknown writer. '. . . What is odd is that the moment she changed key and began to talk disparagingly, I suspected, indeed I knew, it was I she had in mind. How did I know it?' he asks, and then immediately, 'How is it that I often get the full quality of a work of art at the instant of infinitesimal duration between my seeing and becoming aware of looking at it?'

The unexpected self-accusations of the *Self-Portrait*, severe enough and truthful, are not its final point. Even Berenson's awareness of the courage with which he shoulders one burden after another, and some of the weight of his egotism itself, does not spoil it. Finally, he is interested and engaged in the quality of the awareness. At root, the egotism is absolutely serious. 'This self, what is it? For about seventy years I have been asking that question . . .' Society, visitors, and everything else in his life are all material to the problem, even the legend itself. His writing turns out on inspection to have been addressed to 'a sort of other self'. The circular, self-defeating reverie proceeds, making clearer at every turn that Berenson's real subject was just this, the consciousness of self. It is understandable that some of his sourest remarks were reserved for Proust and that he regretted most of all that he had not attended to literary composition, for Proust revealed the possibility of an art for which he too had possessed some of the equipment. As it happened, the characters that accumulated gradually more and more distinct meaning through his marathon hermetic *recherche* were the Italian painters of the Renaissance.

It was perhaps Berenson's peculiar absorption in this consciousness of self that made his lifework possible and necessary. If his own aesthetic were the criterion, did it matter so much if some Lottos and Carianis passed, as full of ideated sensations and as life-enhancing as ever, under other names? The sensitiveness to self-hood, which the *Self-Portrait* both recorded and betrayed, amounted to an acute connoisseurship. In its light the disordered fragments of Renaissance painting were seen to be primarily germane, not so much to a luxurious aesthetic, as to personal wholes, half-buried but identifiable corpuses, in fact to separate selves whose human import was self-evident. It was a profound and original intuition. Berenson brought to the pursuit of it a mental apparatus of wonderful sharpness, a will to pursue and name hardly paralleled even among art-historians, rabbinical perhaps as much as scientific – 'If only,' he burst out in old age, 'I were like Adam, who named the animals, roaming, creeping, flying, swimming, over the earth, in the water, or in the air; or like Solomon, who could name all the flowers in the field.' The achievement was an immensely valuable one, and remains so, even if it is for the moment half-obscured by the legend of the dapper tyrant of I Tatti.

LAWRENCE GOWING

Rough Justice

One More River (Duke of York's) is a plain, old-fashioned melodrama about 12 men and a boat. The boat, a beaten-up hulk of a cargo-ship, lies off West Africa on New Year's Eve. The crew, equally battered and sorry for themselves, swelter resentment against the mate, a bully who has taken command since the captain died. A cabin boy, serving the mate off-stage, is mysteriously blinded by boiling cocoa and dies of it (what a fate!). The crew mutinies, drags the mate to the hatch-top and arraigns him in a mock trial.

Everything, in fact, seems set for a mildly rousing example of rough justice in which the mate (Robert Shaw) and the Bosun (Paul Rogers) lock horns in a struggle for power. Unfortunately, the author, Beverley Cross, has a message. The crew, you see, aren't just hard-done-by and resentful, they are Socialists to a man, always singing party songs and talking about unions and their rights. Conversely, the mate is more than a mate: he is the whole officer class. What is worse, he wasn't always that way; he started from humble origins and bettered himself, like one of those new Young Conservatives. As for the Bosun, he is an old-style Liberal, torn between authority and fair play, but willing, at a pinch, to vote for whoever is in power. When a crisis of seamanship occurs, his working-class background is too much for him, and it is left to the only gentleman on board, a slip of an apprentice, to leap to the bridge.

'Know yourself', said the Delphic oracle. 'Know your place', says Mr Cross, 'And keep to it'. Now I don't begrudge the author his faith, but the simplicity of it does not make for good drama, since all motives have to be reduced accordingly. So the mate is not really a bully. At heart he is as innocent and pathetic as the next man. This means that Robert Shaw, who gets every possible nuance out of the part, is denied any meaningful depth of ambiguity. Similarly, the Bosun has to end up bumbling and forlorn when he might, given a little natural authority, have been tragic. The crew, of course, are just so many meat-heads, who can't recognise homosexual jealousy when they see it.

So the most that is allowed them is a little conventional character stuff, which Dudley Foster and Bryan Pringle perform admirably. As an example of the living drama, *One More River* gets nowhere; as an adventure play with a couple of good parts, it scores quite high; but as an eve-of-poll prediction, it was, alas, infallible.

Diego Fabbri's *Man On Trial* (Lyric, Hammersmith) is a fertile and almost successful experiment. A Jewish family are possessed by the question of whether or not Jesus was guilty according to Hebraic law. So they travel around re-enacting his trial with any members of the public who will help. The game begins apologetically, stumblingly, until the actors get excited, the audience joins in noisily, the family finds itself acting out its own private guilts, and the usual verdict is reversed.

Fabbri's idea is stimulating, with all the heckling vigour of a political meeting. But like many political meetings, it is also oddly unsatisfactory; the issues are never quite met. The trial is not merely a trial, it is an excuse for little studies of the religious figures. The formal, disinterested but passionately logical ritual of legal manœuvre is dissolved in a kind of hazy humanitarianism. Hebraic law hardly comes into the affair, though the characters offer all the conventional political excuses for their actions. The Jews, too, are merely sentimental caricatures, sad, wise, suffering and with an unexplained yen for conversion, but with none of the Talmudic assurance and stubbornness of the orthodox. Finally, the verdict is changed not by arguments but by members of the audience who, as Billy Graham says, 'come forward for Jesus'. Fabbri is a man of great warmth and sincerity; but intellectually he seems a bit on the soft side. Still, David Kossoff, as the father, gives a beautifully hesitant, anguished performance, and the director, Chloe Gibson, kept the traffic moving with brisk efficiency.

A. ALVAREZ

The Small Revolution

IN the last hundred years architecture has gone through the greatest revolution in its history, a revolution more profound than that which introduced Gothic construction, a revolution quite as profound as that which has convulsed the other plastic arts in the same past century. As with all successful revolutions, its history has been written by the winning side, and the historical texts are works of propaganda—a statement that is obviously and admittedly true of Professor Giedion's voluminous writings, marginally and more subtly true of the historiographically responsible histories written by Professors Pevsner and Hitchcock. The same is true even of the most sober-headed history to appear from continental Europe since the war—Jurgen Joedicke's *History of Modern Architecture*, now available in English translation (Architectural Press, 45s.)—but it is true in a new way. For Joedicke, the victor's version has become the historical fact—the routine grimaces of defiance at the academic tradition and acts of obeisance in front of technology have become so routine that they have no emotional load, are no more than linguistic flourishes like the enclitic *ne* in Italian.

Nothing could be a surer sign that the revolution has come to stay. Joedicke's book will be read as an academic text in the architecture schools and they would be hard put to find a better one. It covers the accepted facts in a compact and orderly manner, the illustrations are big enough to make their proper impact and click into place with the reassuring inevitability

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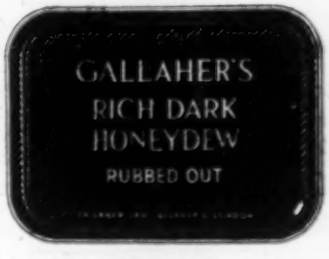

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FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT

of lantern slides as the seminar proceeds. This is, without rhetoric, the history of modern architecture that is true for modern architects, and for this reason can be read with profit also by non-architects who aren't sure they get the message, for they can read it also as a hagiography of the culture heroes and cult objects of the successful revolutionaries. Later, they can turn up the relevant chapters of Hitchcock and see just who has been left out, like Irving Gill, the fore-founder of Pacific Coast modernism; or who has been underplayed, like. . . .

But before they get to that, they will have been trampled underfoot by a stampede of infuriated British architects rushing off to protest at the treatment Joedicke has accorded our island revolution. Foreign writers are more or less expected to take an eccentric or patronising view of the glorious achievements of modern British architecture. Joedicke's view of British Modern is like most of them in concentrating on new schools, new towns (which are what all European architecture students want to see over here), the Festival, Boots's Factory at Nottingham, the concrete domes of Bryn Mawr. Where he gets out on a specifically German limb is in concentrating on work by foreign architects in England in the Thirties, and ignoring our homespun Jacobins.

But were they so homespun? For a mainstream British view of *Modern* (*i.e.*, post-war) *Architecture in Britain* one could hardly do better than Trevor Dannatt's new Batsford volume (63s.). The buildings selected are representative and well-illustrated, but what makes the book remarkable, and simultaneously undermines its cosy insularity, is its introduction, a sixteen-page essay worked up by Sir John Summerson from a catalogue-introduction he wrote for an Arts Council exhibition a few years ago. Sir John is a retired propagandist of Modern architecture, who writes here with the disenchanted clarity of a man who remembers clearly what the revolutionaries *thought* they were doing in 1930, but now sees equally what they were doing in historical fact. And the first thing he sees clearly is that the 'British' revolutionaries were not native-born, but came from Canada, New Zealand, the Caucasus and Germany – E. Maxwell Fry's was the only homespun revolutionary talent of the first phase. He rubs salt in the wound to native pride by saying that 'it was all a struggle to introduce into England principles and a stylistic language which had been developed elsewhere'. These pages, written with a good humour that occasionally turns sharpish, are required reading for any number of reasons – their lack of jingoism and old-boy network log-rolling, their authority as an eye-witness account of the early Thirties, and even as a contribution to the general history of progressive ideas in Britain.

And also because they prove that Joedicke is substantially right. The British part in the twentieth-century half of the architectural revolution is small, marginal and derivative. The only possible consolation is that when the international revolution is globally compared with what has happened to human life as a whole in the same period and on the same territory, it too looks small, marginal and derivative. The architectural revolution may compare well with the revolutions in the arts generally, but architecture is more than an art—the erection of buildings involves participation in the economic life of the community, and its technology. The economic pitch is not always easy to evaluate, the technological hits you in the eye. In a century that has carried communications, for instance, from the electric semaphore to colour television, architects have achieved the equivalent of improving the appearance of the electric semaphore. The present resources of technology offer fantastic and untapped methods of producing controlled human environments—the architect's basic job – but architecture is still pre-occupied with carefully balancing horizontal things on top of vertical things, and most of the alleged innovations or revolutions have dealt only with the shape of the things to be balanced, or the materials they are made of.

This is one of the reasons why architects – as a profession – have lost control of many of the things that they have a fair case to control, from traffic planning to the design of domestic appliances. While the world has been convulsed by revolutions of unprecedented scale in every branch of political, economic and technical activity, architects—who ought, by their own claims to be in the thick of all this – have stayed at home and conducted a small revolution in their own back gardens.

REYNER BANHAM

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Moses Manifest

THE 4th of October, 1959, is a date that will take its place in the brilliant history of Berlin opera. As part, or rather as crown, of this year's Berlin Festival, the Städtische Oper presented the first stage performance in Germany of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*, with the collaboration of the Akademie der Künste, and the good wishes of the musical world.

From the critical standpoint one thing has now become quite clear. The work's future requires no organised claque, no vast critical apparatus of analyses and historial justifications. Carl Ebert and Hermann Scherchen, the conductor of Berlin's *Moses*, together described the opera as one of the great manifestations of the human spirit, and that can stand as the first and last word on the subject. The reactions of the Berlin audience, and of musicians and critics of the most divergent sympathies, proved once again that the human spirit, if wholly and clearly embodied in a work of art, is wholly and clearly manifest to all.

The conceptual dimensions of *Moses* are of a humbling grandeur. They embrace all the perceptible world – yes, literally all, in its human and social structure, in its material expressions of good and evil, in its past, its present, and its possible ideal future. But the perceptible world is only the beginning (though for Aron it is the end). Moses himself *starts* beyond its boundaries: as Schoenberg says in one of his letters, *'er ist gar nicht menschlich'*. He is in the position of the freed man in Plato's allegory of the cave; his glory is that he has seen the Sun and contemplated the divine purity of metaphysical truth; his fate is that the Sun must blind him to the needs of the dark world. 'Ah, but the simple ask for images!' cries D. H. Lawrence in his quasi-Mosaic poem *Name the Gods!* and it is that popular need which is wholly and tragically irreconcilable with the purity of Moses's metaphysical vision. The more faith is defined and translated into concrete symbol, the more is its truth distorted. Yet Moses's people live in the darkness of the cave, and must be given

proof of the Sun. The continuance of Moses's divinely ordained leadership thus depends on a fatal compromise: the inexpressible truth must be demonstrated in those terms of form, shape and colour which can only serve to diminish its essential meaning. How to convey the message? As Hans Keller has finely remarked, 'Moses's tragedy is simply that he is not a great composer'.

Only the pure abstraction of music can approach that which is, by its very nature, indescribable. In music there are 'no more paraphrases, no more comparisons, likenesses'. The Idea is supreme, and the Image cannot break loose. Thus Schoenberg, in the majesty of his invention, consoles us for Moses's tragedy. Believing as he did that the riddles of this world might be solved if one of those who knew them were to write a Tenth Symphony, Schoenberg declares: 'We are still to remain in a darkness which will be illuminated only fitfully by the light of genius. We are to continue to battle and struggle, to yearn and desire.'

For Moses's 'genius', Aron was the only possible channel. But apart from one brief and most moving moment in the third scene of the opera, Aron is as firmly bound to the dark cave of the earth as his music is bound to the bright sensuality of dance rhythms. The two brothers' irreducible remoteness from each other is the kernel of the opera's personal drama. In musical and dramatic terms, Schoenberg's expression of this relationship follows the opera convention in its highest form. The treatment of the chorus extends that convention with breathtaking audacity. In the crowd scenes there is as much contrast and detailed characterisation as in a Mozartian ensemble. It makes the most humane analysis of a simple folk 'living and partly living' under oppression.

The first lesson from Berlin: that the complexity of Schoenberg's music must be honoured, and not feared. Although it is true that in *Moses* Schoenberg reveals himself as one of music's greatest melodists – certainly unequalled in our own time – any attempt to accentuate main voices at the expense of the overall polyphony is a gross distortion of his musical intentions. The almost continual disregard for subordinate voices in the Berlin performance may have helped to foster the impression that the work was somehow simpler than had once been supposed, but it deprived the music of much of its expressive life.

Simplification of another, equally disastrous, kind was attempted by committing to tape certain of the choruses, including the whole of the first scene. Although the recording was managed superbly from the technical point of view, the musical result is abominable. If this practice is to spread, we might as well stay at home in the loveless arms of high fidelity. But most disastrous of all was Berlin's attempted solution of the problems raised by the third act, of which Schoenberg wrote only the text. Shortly before his death, Schoenberg sanctioned the *reading* of the text in the event of a public performance. But with fatal good intentions, the Städtische Oper has used the recording of the opening scene as a kind of impressionist background for the reading of the last act. Musically and dramatically this is quite nonsensical. More than that: it is almost a blasphemy. Schoenberg said all that was humanly possible in the first two acts. There is evidence, both internal and external, that in his subconscious he knew that his musical task was done. To have set the third act, and its message of ultimate unity with God, would have been to attempt to compose that Tenth Symphony. And as he himself said, in proudly humble recognition of Man's ultimate limitation, 'it is to be denied us to see this light'. The first and second acts of *Moses* give as much light as we can bear.

DAVID DREW

Suspense

THE early stages of the new Hitchcock, *North by Northwest* (Empire, Leicester Square), are quite profoundly alarming. It's a case of mistaken identity. An advertising executive joins some aquaintances in an hotel lounge, then realizes that he has to send a wire to mother – clearly a figure to be placated – and crosses the lobby to do this. On the way he's kidnapped and taken to one of those mansions luxuriously furnished with leather bindings. Unable to convince his kidnappers that he is not the person they think he is, he has a bottle of bourbon poured down his throat and is put into a car and driven towards the edge of a cliff. On the brink he gets the car under control: he was one degree less drunk than he pretended (had his kidnappers but believed he was an advertising man they must have given him a second bottle). A car chase follows, but he is saved by being arrested for drunken driving. Naturally, he can't convince the authorities of his story, either in court or when he takes them along to the mansion. What raises this conventional stuff to the level of art is the attitude of mother (who tags along). This red-head with a long history of face-lifts doesn't believe a word he says, and it is above all her habit of undermining him that makes him look ridiculous and a liar to the others.

There was a desperation about this that made me babble inwardly of Kafka (a banal comparison, I'm afraid, but there it was). The exhilaration induced by this thought, however, was offset by panic at the prospect of seeing Cary Grant involved in a tragic fate. The makers of the film evidently had the same fears, because from this point onwards the story becomes a thoroughly commonplace melodrama of espionage (from which mother is absent). There are, needless to say of a Hitchcock picture, details which are anything but commonplace, but the general conception of the characters and plot could be anybody's. Still the dialogue and the performances made it delightful entertainment, and, looking at my watch at the end, I was surprised it had lasted two hours and a quarter.

I can't say the same of the new British adventure film, directed by J. Lee Thompson, *North-West Frontier* (Marble Arch and Leicester Square Odeons), which is about equally long and should have been twenty minutes shorter. What makes it drag is the dialogue, which contains every cliché in the phrase-book dear to British screen-writers. This is a film that tries to do with the theme of Empire-builders *versus* rebellious natives what the modern Western does with that of cowboys *versus* Indians – not to treat the moral conflict in terms of white against black, but to show that our side is not altogether good and the other side not altogether bad – but the quality of the writing is still too near the *B.O.P.* to make this work. On the other hand, the moments of suspense are better done than in the Hitchcock film. They are nothing like as clever, and the characters caught up in them are nothing like as interesting and sympathetic. And yet I found myself involved in each suspenseful episode, caring what happened, and kept guessing, as I wasn't by Hitchcock's suspense. *North-West Frontier* is, indeed, a triumph of direction and editing, and one of the most impressive things about it is that its intimate and its spectacular scenes of crisis are equally telling.

The Navy Lark (Carlton) is roughly a rehash of *Up the Creek*. The cast do their competent best with stale material, but I doubt if even David Tomlinson and Peter Sellers could give it life.

DAVID SYLVESTER

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To readers of the 'New Statesman'

NOW THAT leisure and the arts are being shuttled back and forth in the political arena, several interesting questions arise.

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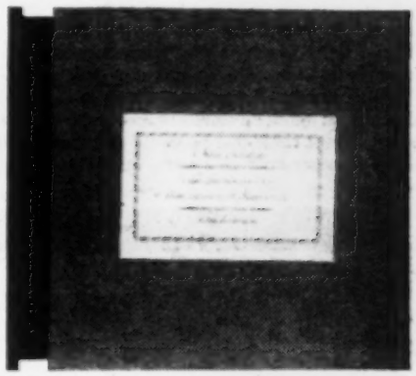

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Left of TV Centre?

Now that the Labour Party is getting back to the old drawing-board it might, when it gets a free moment, take another look at the small smudge, down at the bottom of the blueprint, that is its television policy. This policy, in office, would be to tighten up the Television Act and probably to give the third channel to a new public corporation. In opposition, Labour's policy will presumably be (a) to oppose the commercialisation of sound broadcasting; (b) to resist any further territorial ambitions of the programme companies, and (c) to set Mr Christopher Mayhew on the Postmaster-General from time to time.

Although Labour has modified its attitude somewhat since the days when, in Lord Amwell's words, the party was 'to a man and woman opposed to commercial television', there is still a definite holier-than-Val-Parnell atmosphere about it. There are, too, I think, still objections to television itself from the nonconformist wing. These objections may have been weakened by Labour's own signal success on television; on the other hand, they may have been strengthened by the fact that television, as a symbol of pay-later prosperity, was one of the things that lost Labour the election. What I want to say is that while Labour should continue to campaign against the deficiencies in the Television Act (through which it is possible to drive an adult Western stagecoach), it would be a pity if it came out as seeing commercial television as necessarily an enemy, since there is some evidence that ITV is spiritually nearer to the Left than the BBC, unexpected and blasphemous though it may seem.

One of the most interesting points about the television election broadcasts was that while the Tory and Liberal programmes seemed to be straight BBC, Labour's were nearer the kind of programme that ITV puts on. (Actually, they were inspired by the BBC's *Tonight*, but *Tonight* itself was born out of the general invigoration that the coming of the commercials brought to television.)

There was more in this than good camera-work. In challenging the existing rules of political television, throwing out old ideas and thinking up new ones, Labour was doing something that commercial television has been doing all along – upsetting the broadcasting *status quo*. The Tories were instinctively on the side of the *status quo*, and they stuck to the safe, well-tried methods of the BBC.

In discussion and documentary programmes particularly, ITV has cut away from the safe tradition – something that the various pillars of the Establishment saw coming when they opposed the Television Act. The arguments that occasionally break out as to whether this or that programme was biased in favour of this or that political party usually miss the point that any controversial broadcast must, almost inevitably, be biased in favour of the Left – not because of what is being said, but because the controversy is being aired at all. Mr Fairlie, in his essay on the BBC and the Establishment, guys perfectly the old sweetness-and-light discussion programmes of the BBC where the object, as he says, 'is not to find and explore the point of difference, but to find and scrupulously to map the common area of agreement'. This keep-it-clean tradition is more often than not favourable to the Tories, and it has almost vanished with the growth of commercial television. Furthermore, whatever the election results might be, the ostrich attitude of the BBC during elections has always harmed Labour more than it has harmed the Tories, and the introduction of election reporting on television is something else that we can chalk up, very largely, to ITV.

I am not here suggesting that commercial television is Labour's long-lost brother; I merely want to say that, politically, it has got its points. I may add that I think Critic's fear of commercial radio goes too far. The fact that during Mr Gaitskell's first election broadcast the BBC switchboard was getting calls from angry Tories begging them to take him off the air may or may not be significant; I think it is. I think that radio is still in the hands of Mr Fairlie's Establishment, whereas television, since the arrival of ITV, has largely shaken itself free. It's something for Labour to think about, if it happens to be thumbing through its old policies one day. The point has been made often enough that Labour's supporters form a big part of the commercial television audience. *Concentration* is the natural successor to the Labour Hall tombola, *Free Speech* to the Clarion forum. If the Labour Party is going to be forward-looking, it might as well be forward-viewing at the same time.

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Correspondence

ELECTION INQUEST

[We are only able to publish a small selection of the large number of letters sent to us this week on the election result. We could have published more if writers had been more brief; we have been compelled to shorten several we have published.]

SIR,—What went wrong? There will soon probably be as many different answers as there are questions. But one central fact emerges from the election results: wherever living conditions and standards had improved, and there were no strong regional grievances such as cotton in Lancashire, housing and unemployment in Scotland and Wales, our vote went down and the Tories' rose. The people who seemed to have deserted the Labour Party were the highly paid and skilled workers in the Midlands and elsewhere, many who were rehoused in the new towns and modern council flats, some with cars of their own for the first time; in fact, most of those who felt that they were no longer under-privileged.

It is my view that our policies, our election campaign and our leadership were outstanding. But the image of the Labour Party is still wrong. People see us as the defenders of the poor, the old-age pensioner, of those in fact who are not doing so well, while there is too little emphasis on opportunity for the individual. There is still too strong a feeling that Socialism levels down, and might penalise those who are improving themselves.

We need new policies on industrial relations and democracy to be worked out with the trade unions. Unofficial strikes and demarcation disputes have damaged us badly. So have impressions of the intimidation of minorities by the party machine such as the disputes within the Labour Group of the LCC last year, or the secrecy of the Nottingham Watch Committee, and the exclusion of the press from Council meetings in many parts of the country during the printing dispute.

Our moral principles of social justice and equality have little meaning unless we can show clearly that the party stands for the dignity and fulfilment of the individual, for the opportunity to everyone to develop their skills and personality, for the ordinary chap who wants to make good. And finally our survival as a national party depends on helping the working man to recognise that he does not 'outgrow' Socialism as he acquires middle-class standards.

E. WISTRICH

113 Canfield Gardens
NW6

SIR,—Is it personality at fault? Despite his previous appearance to many as 'a desiccated calculating machine', Mr Gaitskell appears to have impressed voters recently on TV with his 'increased stature' as a politician and potential Prime Minister. Is that sufficient? A marginal voter of my acquaintance (a typical ex-Serviceman of the 1945 vote-for-Labour breed) stated: 'Bevan's a good man, but I can't trust Gaitskell at all', and I was surprised to hear similar sentiments from a colleague. Yet these middle-class voters are just the people who, we have been told for years, have been frightened by Bevan's Socialism and pleased with Gaitskell's 'moderate views'. Pleased, perhaps, but not inspired, even with confidence. Few other leaders stand out: perhaps, though, the electorate is as unfavourably impressed as I am by the higher average age of the Labour candidates than their Conservative opponents.

Policy since 1950 has become steadily less and less radical. That, *pace* Herbert Morrison and Co., is the way to attract the middle-class voters. It has conspicuously failed to do so. Anyone wanting a right-wing policy can easily vote for a party to the right of the Labour Party and they now have two to choose from. Only a policy based on ideals, and for the Labour Party that means Socialist ideals, will evoke enthusiasm sufficient to win back the 1945 vote. Anyone with an ounce of political sense, for which Mr Morrison is famous, should have suspected that to drop policies of nationalisation, largely because right-wing newspapers open their columns to interminable good advice to the Labour Party on that score, was dangerous.

A deeper cause of the failure is the lack of education in political principles. From 1935 to 1945 the Left Book Club and other propagandist literature enabled a young person coming to politics (such as myself) to get some idea of why he should be a Socialist. Since 1947 I have heard hardly anything on the subject: instead I have been treated to an occasional argument about why one should join the Labour Party, which should be a symptom of one's principles and not any sort of principle in itself. Unless the leaders have some clear grasp of principle, rather than the belief, however strong, in the expediency of Labour policy, how can they enthuse a new and prosperous generation? The marginal voter I mentioned above had for years heard no exposition of Socialist ideas, as opposed to Labour Party policy. Can one be explained without the other? Should policy be explicable unless one returns to first principles to justify it? . . .

In the future, the politics of this country will depend increasingly on events outside Britain. The effectiveness of a party will depend more and more on how far it understands this. Is it not time we realised that our crucial failure has been that the Labour Party should be a Socialist party and has not been? And further that Socialists believe in the equality of human beings, not primarily in the importance of a British pensions scheme of £7 3s in 1984? The Labour Party is almost as nationalistic as the Tories, and if you offer the British electorate a nationalist policy, which is what any policy is bound to be nowadays if it is primarily domestic, then they will choose the party which most believes in what it is offering.

J. C. DE V. ROBERTS

4 Barton Square
Ely

SIR,—The country has got the government it deserved. The Labour Party misjudged the conscience of the electorate and failed to realise that to men and women in the street Suez was the British lion roaring; Cyprus something the Tories cleared up; Hola, a few natives dying; and Nyasaland something that happened in Africa.

There was no competition in the things that mattered, such as Mr Macmillian's ability to rise to the level of great events, and Mr Lennox-Boyd's clear conscience. And there was no Socialism. We mumbled about pensions; promised a bit more on retirement; forgot about nationalisation and said we had several policies to choose from on the H-bomb. A government has now been re-elected that violated the charter of the United Nations and brought us to the brink of war; put the lives of many national servicemen in jeopardy; and put Africans in prison because of their political beliefs. We can't say we've been swindled this time. *Caveat Emptor* is the rule.

JOHN DICKENSON

97 Delafield Road
Charlton

SIR,—I hope you won't make too many Fabian excuses for Macmillan's victory at the polls. The Labour Party lost the election because it has become far too dull in these days of rockets to the moon. The working class feels that life ought to be as exciting as scientists seem to be saying it is. It likes political leaders who can promise more excitement, who seem themselves to be excited. It expects them to be flamboyant, able to laugh and play the fool a bit without feeling too self-conscious, happy men with an undeniable reserve of ability. It expects to be able to taste the sugar on the pill of genius, genius being notoriously hard to take. It expects Tories to be like Macmillan and Disraeli—it hopes for Labour leaders like Bevan as he was at his best. It's no good Gaitskell jiving in Hampstead or fanning the kipper in some draughty church hall; his cleverness is too obvious, even if there is a reserve of gaiety underneath

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it—he's inside out. It ought to be easier to project an image of a popular Labour leader than that of an 'exploiter' of the working classes—but the only man who could have beaten SuperMac was the old Bevan, Bevan before he compromised his Socialism in a vain attempt to achieve the sort of respectability he once, rightly, despised. Labour Party policy smelt for the most part like Tory policy watered down and re-scented with mothballs and methodism—both useful in their place but not on the hustings. . . .

ROY MCGREGOR-HASTIE

Allessandria
Italy

SIR,—It is not an inquest that is needed, but quick and effective surgery. To my mind (reaching, like everyone else, for a pen), this is the diagnosis. First, as the prime minister has pointed out, nationalisation and class conflict are dead as election issues. The battles of the '30s were won, as much as they are likely to be, between '45 and '51, and they now merely bore or alarm the electorate. Also, Labour cannot count again on a convalescent vote. The plight of the old and unemployed, though important, will not get it into power. In future (short of a major war or economic collapse), prosperity will matter more than equality, the healthy and ambitious more than lame ducks. The fundamental human decencies of the left will have to be restated dynamically again, and in terms of the actual society in which the voters live.

Second: the crude appeal of Tory posters, and the continued pressure of the Tory press over fourteen years, have made their mark. From now on, Labour will have to advertise itself, and to advertise expertly. If the approach of (say) *The Future Labour Offers You, The Tory Swindle,* Roy Jenkins' recent Penguin, and Gaitskell himself had been offered day in and day out over that past few years by a paper as efficient and readable on its side as the *Daily Express* is on the other, the result might have been very different. The need now is for a prolonged campaign (starting three weeks after this election rather than three weeks before the next), and if possible for the formation of a new national daily. . . .

Third: the Liberal Party. In this election, more votes for the Liberals have meant more seats for the Tories. Since the Tories at least stick together the position might worsen next time, and the radical vote produce yet another 'swing to the right' in terms of power. The two parties ought, now, to set about coming together, and making certain that the radical vote, which they share between them, is not squandered. On the whole, this should be less difficult today than at any time in the past. Both parties share a strong concern for the rights of individuals, and of minorities, which enables them to speak the same language on colonial affairs and at least to understand one another nearer home. The things the Liberals object to in Labour are mainly those policies which lose it votes and will very likely have to be shelved now, whatever happens. Such positives as the Liberals have to offer would be a strength to Labour, with its own fine radical tradition—and they would certainly gain by being removed from the electoral no-man's-land of present-day Liberalism into the solidity of the Labour camp. The Liberals might well, on reflection, see this as their one realistic hope of wielding power again (the arithmetic of +1, −1 every five years is less than encouraging); whilst Labour, after an agonising (and preferably brief) reappraisal might find in the alliance inherent, as well as electoral, gain.

All of this is controversial; but the need for some dynamic response to the 1959 challenge is not. The time for luxurious bellyachings about the awfulness of Gaitskell and/or Bevan has gone. Next year, the future of much of Africa will be decided, and it is vital that the Liberal and Labour members, with half the votes of the country behind them, should be speaking strongly, and from a clear human centre. In five years time, and earlier should some major crisis occur, there must be a powerful opposition waiting to take over power; radical in outlook, and congenial in appeal to the electorate as it actually exists. From now on, the opponents of Toryism will mean business; and it is my guess that cynicism and defeatism will be looked on with less patience than ever before.

A. E. DYSON

University College, Bangor

SIR,—The inquest on the Labour Party's defeat must be a long and deep affair. Let me therefore raise one of the most vital issues; that of the Labour Party and Youth. Votes at 18, and all the rest of a very good policy document, may tell us what the Labour Party is going to do about the youth of the country as a whole, if and when it is ever returned to power, but it does not tell us how we are to get young people to take an interest in Socialism and come into the Labour Party; and only by getting young people into the party can we hope to win the next election.

Thus we need to look at the few Youth Sections the Labour Party has left, and find out what is right and what is wrong with them, why we have not more of them, and how they have been treated by the rest of the movement. The answers will I am sure show that they have been treated very badly.

The old argument that Youth is not interested in politics is not true; Aldermaston last Easter, and even the recent election, have proved this. Even the so-called new left is made up very largely of young people. Yet the Labour Party Youth Sections can almost be counted on one hand. The picture may however be changing. We at least in Birmingham have during the last 18 months slowly built up a central Youth Section, which has thrived on discussion and debate, and its only failures have been on the social side of its activities.

Thus we have a demand for Youth Sections from young people and a desperate need for them from the Labour Party. The question is, can we avoid the pitfalls that previous youth movements in this country and in Europe have fallen into? We do not want Youth Sections that are nothing more than marriage bureaux, as with the Young Conservatives, even if such groups make excellent shock troops at election times; neither do we want them to be 'long-haired' discussion groups. Equally they must not be run by old men, as on the continent, nor must they exclude people once they have reached 25. The key to success is that they must be centres of discussion and debate on Socialism, both practical and theoretical, but above all they must be free to develop as the members see fit, and not kept tied down to a blue-print from Transport House. . . .

The party must make the effort to create Youth Sections and to make them work, otherwise, however much we revise our policy or sack our leaders, we will have no party with which to fight the next election and no chance of winning young voters.

ANDREW F. BENNETT

The Union
Birmingham University

SIR,—If I were asked to give evidence at the Labour Party's current inquest I would point out to its coroners that at least one essential cause of Labour defeats has been under their noses all along.

I had my first intimation of this cause in 1929 when a lorry driver turned petty shopkeeper told me that he was going to vote Liberal. 'We ain't working class no more, are we?' he said. 'And,' his wife chimed in, 'we hope to do well enough to vote Conservative next time.' This type of attitude, of course, always existed among certain sections of the English—not Scottish or Welsh!—working class. But during the last decade or so, what with the welfare state, full employment and other potentials of prosperity for the lower orders, these sections have been steadily growing in numbers, until today they are large enough to account for an appreciable proportion of the crawl towards the snob-appeal parties. This does not imply an expression of opinion on my part about either the Tories or the Liberals; but as far as these people are concerned their so-called swing to the right was in fact nothing but a crawl—which is bound to go on, most probably at an accelerating rate.

In my conviction this phenomenon is of fundamental significance for the political future of this country. Barring some grave national calamity, the Labour Party will never again come into power unless it succeeds in converting the crawlers of the English working class. But I for one cannot imagine Englishmen curing other Englishmen of snobbery, just as I cannot imagine them curing each other of their gastronomic imbecility.

LAWRENCE WOLFE

76 Onslow Gardens
SW7

HEADS WE WIN . . .

SIR,—You could not be more wrong than when you claim that Labour has 'turned its face to the problems of the 20th Century', or that 'its programme, though moderate, was workable, business-like and, above all, coherent'.

Incoherence and evasion of reality were all too plain in our programme: in social policy the Party leadership has obstinately refused to recognise that we cannot build a Welfare State in a Warfare World. Labour cannot keep its promises to the people about pensions, houses, education, health, etc., until it drastically cuts the monstrous defence burden.

In economic affairs we have a lame compromise between Keynesian economics and Socialism that makes the worst of both worlds. Our economic policy calls for heavy investment in industry and expanding production. But it ignores the fact that we have not the resources for investment and expansion so long as we spend £1,500 million a year, nearly 10 per cent. of the national income and one-third of the budget, on armaments, and lock up 8 per cent. of our labour force, 12 per cent of our engineering industry, and an 'undue proportion' of our scientific skills and technicians (cf 1957 Defence White Paper) in the armed forces and defence industries. Nor can we expand trade sufficiently without breaking down cold war trade barriers with one-third of the world and using part of what we save out of defence expenditure for long-term, low-interest credits to undeveloped countries.

In every field the confusions, question-begging evasions and sheer unreality of Labour's 'Policy-image' can be traced back to the unholy muddle of

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its foreign and defence policy: in foreign policy we propose to beat the USSR and China both as partners in making and keeping the peace within the United Nations through regional agreements based on the charter, and as potential enemies against whom we must prepare for war through military alliances, that is, NATO, SEATO and the Baghdad Pact. In defence policy the Party wants to found a non-nuclear club while at the same time remaining a base for American nuclear weapons.

Your article never even mentions the ideological conflict as one of the 'Problems of the 20th Century' which Labour must face. And yet it happens to be *the* problem, on the solution of which depends not only whether we succeed or fail in our social and economic policies, but whether we live or die.

The Party must draw the necessary political conclusions from Nye Bevan's frequent statements that Communism is a social challenge not a military threat. The Soviet Union does not want war, and it is not Britain's job to fight Communism or put down revolution in other people's countries. Labour must shed fear and hate of one-third of the world that has undergone a social revolution and is making a great and growing success of publicly owned and operated, i.e. Socialist, economic systems under more or less police-state and dictatorial regimes.

There is no future for Labour as a mock-Liberal party, in spite of the ardent wooing of Mr Jo Grimond and the advice of the capitalist press. Nye Bevan was right when he said at Scarborough that the Labour Party was either Socialist or it was nothing at all.

This is because 'progressive capitalism' is a delusion. Capitalist society is now so sick that it needs war preparations to keep going, although it wants to avoid war to stay alive. And even on this basis it can only stagger from inflation to stagnation.

Meanwhile our leaders have earned us another five years of leisure to do some basic rethinking. Let us start that job now and do it thoroughly, so that when the people discover the hard way that 'progressive capitalism' is a fool's paradise, we shall be able to project a 'policy-image' that presents Labour as a clear, honest, courageous and enlightened alternative to Toryism on all the great issues.

K. Zilliacus

House of Commons

AN OXFORD MANIFESTO

Sir,—In an article entitled 'An Oxford Manifesto' which appeared in your issue of 10 October, Mr J. Ungoed-Thomas expressed his surprise and concern at the fact that certain views which, according to him, I had stated in a recent published lecture had not met with sharper criticism.

These views are summed up by him as (1) that 'the desire to participate in governing the community to which one belongs ought to be repressed, for it can lead to tyranny'; and (2) something less definite which might lead us to 'shrug our shoulders and worry only about ourselves, as Berlin seems to advocate'. The fact that no voices were raised against such sentiments does, on the face of it, seem surprising, and indeed disturbing, and is regarded by your contributor as a symptom of the decadence of Oxford in particular and England in general.

The explanation is, however, a good deal more simple. These views are not to be found in my lecture. I did not express, nor do I support either of these opinions or attitudes. I do not advocate quietism, or anarchism, or withdrawal from public activity or social responsibility, since I believe in the duty of political commitment no less than in individual rights. I have no idea what could have possessed Mr Ungoed-Thomas to impute to me opinions which I do not hold, as well as other absurdities with which he chooses to saddle me. If it is a misunderstanding, it is so profound as to be unique. I have no strong objection to acting as a peg on which your contributor hangs his somewhat censorious sermon on the shortcomings of his contemporaries; and I have complete sympathy with his plea for democratic, self-reliant humanism. But (to borrow your contributor's own tone) he should remember that ferocious misrepresentation, whatever its cause, does not make for an increase in human solidarity, and that the first and highest value of humanism has always been regard for the truth.

Isaiah Berlin

Oxford

Sir,—I hope that Mr Jasper Ungoed-Thomas wrote his article before the election was fought and the results were known, because if not, he must be singularly unaffected by concrete evidence that his thesis is unimportant to the mass of the population. Workers' control was not advocated in the programme of any candidate who retained his deposit, and there was an appreciable swing of the very people who, according to Mr Ungoed-Thomas, should be pining for participation, towards the party which is known to be dead-set against any such nonsense. It was demonstrated, I should have thought beyond question, that what people want is prosperity and high consumption: where this had taken place, there was a swing to the Tories, and where it had not, there was a swing away. It seems, therefore, that most people care supremely little that 'we believe we have an obligation to demand that the institutions and attitudes which we criticise should be changed' (here is arrogance indeed!).

In fact, Mr Ungoed-Thomas seems to be not a little mixed up on this occasion. How, for example, can one be in revolt against '*all* the values of English social, political and economic life' while 'not contravening the democratic *modus vivendi*'? His analysis of the Oxford scene is badly misleading, and his contention that CND 'won vast support' last year is just not true.

Mr Ungoed-Thomas ends with a plea for a 'self-reliant' society: if he is using the word with its accepted meaning, is he not saying very much the same as Professor Berlin in the lecture he attacks, that what matters above all is 'the desire not to be impinged upon, to be left to oneself'?

Colin Pepworth
co-editor
Clarion

Brasenose College
Oxford

DECIBELS

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr R. Windsor quotes decibel figures to show the noise levels of road vehicles. He is, however, mistaken in saying that the figures speak for themselves for if there is one figure that does not speak for itself, it is the decibel.

The decibel is an obscure unit based on a logarithmic scale. Doubling the intensity of a sound is equal to an increase of three decibels and the effect on the human ear is as if the sound had increased by about one-fourth. Thus, to use Mr Windsor's figures, which I have no reason to challenge, the intensity of sound emitted by the motor cycle at 90 decibels is nearly sixteen times that of the motor car at 79 decibels, representing to the ear the impression of an increase of about two and a half times.

The matter is further complicated by other factors such as the frequency of sound which for a given intensity becomes much more distressing as it rises. All this adds up to a complexity that makes decibel comparisons between one vehicle and another quite misleading.

The plain fact is that since some makes of motor cycle purr along like velvet while others go by with a deafening roar, the latter are a whole lot noisier than they need be, a point which Critic has made more than once and one which will be obvious to anyone living in the suburbs without bringing decibels into it.

L. J. Lawrence

3 Leys Close
Harrow

STREET OFFENCES

Sir,—Surely Mr Sewell Stokes is unwise in his statements. Even if a man's behaviour was suspicious I should have thought that something more was needed—evidence of the commission of an offence. That the police can be gravely wrong is shown in the following case in which I gave evidence.

An Italian film producer was staying at the Savoy Hotel and after having had dinner and coffee he went for a stroll. He knew that there was a place called Soho where Italian people lived and decided to explore. As he spoke no English he could not ask his way. It was a cold evening and he soon wished to pass urine. He did so in a public urinal, and then continued his explorations. However, he had a further desire to urinate and, since he could find nowhere else, returned to the same place. He did this four times within an hour. Surely this was suspicious behaviour? The police thought so and he was arrested, although he had spoken to no one (he could not do so except in Italian).

He was seen by the police doctor who found nothing wrong with him (but he did not examine him). I was asked to examine him and did so. It was easy to see why he had urinated so frequently. He had an enlarged prostate and suffered from chronic diabetes.

Fortunately for him he was brought before Sir Laurence Dunne, the most intelligent magistrate in London, who heard the evidence and, stating that the police had made a mistake, dismissed the case.

Although this case had a happy ending it must have cost this innocent man a great deal of money to clear his character and I wonder what he thought of British justice when he returned home.

Clifford Allen

148 Harley Street
W1

Sir,—Wordsworth, it will be remembered, had great difficulty in explaining to his good friend Matthew why it was that he was prepared to sit, for the length of half a day, on an old grey stone. The real reason for this peculiar behaviour, no less than for his unconvincing explanation and Matthew's obvious incredulity, is at last clear: he was persistently importuning for immoral purposes.

J. R. Pole

103 Colin Deep Lane
NW9

The Party is Over

ROGER GRENIER

Translated by Edward Hyams

'The most credible account of the French Resisting generation I have read.'—KENNETH YOUNG: DAILY TELEGRAPH.

'Very stylishly done. The scenes of the Paris revolution are particularly thrilling, comically touched by the temporary occupation of the civic command by varieties of intelligent, self-mocking revolutionaries.'—MURIEL SPARK: THE BOOKMAN.

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The World that Summer

ROBERT MULLER

'Telling a story and telling it well . . . unfaltering economy of means and fullness of sympathy.' THE GUARDIAN.

'What makes this novel something more than a fictionised indictment of Nazism is the emphasis Mr Muller has chosen to give it. It is the boys who walk away with the story and the cruel baiting conversations of adolescence are caught to the life: the politics of it all exist only through their warping effects. It is a book all the more powerful for its restraint.' THE SPECTATOR. 16s.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Royal and Professional

EVER since Mr John Gore was allowed to tell us that King George V read *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, authorised royal biographies have been commendably frank. In a period in which living royalties have been increasingly soused with syrup – or, in reaction, spattered with vinegar – recently dead ones have been treated to some plain speaking. Hard doses of fact have been supplied by Mr Gore and Sir Harold Nicolson about George V, and by Sir John Wheeler-Bennett about George VI. Not for them the court-dress style of Sir Sidney Lee's biography of Edward VII ('his passage from Buckingham Palace to Westminster was ever a gratification of his people's loyalty') and his wary skating round awkward topics ('Bright society of the opposite sex always attracted him'); and they have drawn far more than Lee could have found possible, or desirable, upon the letters and diaries of their subjects.

Mr James Pope-Hennessy writes in this brisk tradition. His portrait of Queen Mary* is largely built up from her letters and diary, and other correspondence in the Royal Archives (especially the letters of her husband, of Queen Victoria, of her mother the Duchess of Teck, of her aunt the Grand Duchess Augusta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz). He has organised his material admirably, and it is easy to follow up some special topic – a great advantage in a 600-page biography. To test his frankness, I at once looked for what he had to say about 'the legend of Queen Mary's infallible knowledge of works of art and objects of virtu'. His verdict is firm: 'She gained a thorough acquaintanceship with English Royal iconography of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, she could usually identify the better-known marks on English china, and could recognise, in furniture, the marks of Hepplewhite or Chippendale; but she never bought a good painting in her life'.

The story Mr Pope-Hennessy has to tell begins in that strange world of little German states to which Queen Mary's father, the Duke of Teck, belonged. Mr Pope-Hennessy fights his way with great assurance through the tangle of Mecklenburg-Strelitzs, Württemburgs, Schaumburg-Lippes and Hesse-Darmstadts. It was a world of constricting etiquette, petty intrigue, and 'exaggerated, noisy deference', and it made no appeal to the princess born in Kensington Palace in 1867: 'Of all the touchy people I have ever met in my life,' she wrote after a visit to Württemburg. Princess May – and her mother, the enormously stout and jolly Duchess of Teck – far preferred the free and easy life of a minor royalty in England, where a sense of proportion was kept even about the monarchy. Her Aunt Augusta from Strelitz was horrified when a footman referred to the statue of George III in Windsor Great Park as 'the old gentleman on the copper horse'; and was even more shocked when Queen Victoria 'roared when I told her'. The Duchess of Teck, whose blind spot was money and whose great passion was telegraphing ('lunch and then telegraphed till tea time'), managed to bring up her four children rather sensibly – in marked contrast to their cousins of 'the Wales family'. Her three boys had a proper schooling – though Frank had to be removed from Wellington to Cheltenham after tossing his headmaster over a hedge – and Princess May was given as governess-companion a French Alsatian of democratic temper and considerable intelligence, Mlle Bricka, who made her pupil read George Eliot, Motley's *Dutch Republic*, and Blue Books on the sweated industries. A year in Florence where the Tecks went to economise after the Duchess's debts had caught up with her ('My parents,' said Queen Mary sixty years later, 'were always in *short street*') helped to bring out a naturally reserved girl, and to start her interest in art collections. Back in England she showed no enthusiasm for the life of 'society' – 'I have spent all my afternoons lately going to Museums, how much one learns and picks up, and how much nicer than going out to tea and gossip'. Now and then, from this period of Princess May's life, come those heartfelt cries so often heard in the lives of serious-minded Victorian girls whose abilities outran their scope: 'Sometimes I grumble at my life, at the waste of time, at the *petitesse de la vie* when one feels capable of greater things'.

That greater things came her way was largely the doing of Queen Victoria, who appears in this story as a shrewd, benevolent, but startlingly shy old lady, with a warm, indeed sentimental, interest in the love-affairs of youthful royalty. She summed up her young cousin as 'a very pretty girl – very sensible and well informed, a *solid girl* which we want' – which they wanted to counterbalance the flighty character of the Prince of Wales's eldest son, about whom Mr Pope-Hennessy has a good deal of quiet fun. So Princess May was taken from her classes in Elizabethan literature and social hygiene to marry Prince Eddy (who had fallen in love with at least four other girls in the previous year or two), but shortly before the wedding he died – with seventeen people crowded into the room to see him breathe his last, and his fiancée sharing a chair with another princess. A year later, she married his far more solid brother George. Mr Pope-Hennessy is interesting on this switch. A shared sorrow – for George had been devoted to his volatile brother in a protective sort of way – brought the two together; but the transfer owed a good deal to Princess May's sense of royalty as a profession. 'She was like a girl at some minor ballet-school, trained as a dancer from childhood, and now suddenly and unexpectedly offered the prima ballerina position at the most famous theatre in the world.' It was with a professional pride that soon after her marriage she reported to Mlle Bricka of a state occasion, *'Il parait qu'on s'étonne* that I did it all so well, but only give me the chance and I will do things as well as anybody, after all why shouldn't I?'

There is no doubt that when they came to be King and Queen, she and her husband regarded monarchy not so much as a position at the apex of a social hierarchy, but as a job to be done – and Queen Mary relied on her strong sense of history to see her through the duller bits. It was a job that had to be learnt – 'He taught me how to be a King,' said George V when his private secretary, Stamfordham, died – and also to be modified to meet new situations. So with them there was less junketing with what Queen Victoria (who disliked it) called 'the royal mob' – that circle of closely related royal families of Denmark, Greece, Prussia, Norway, whose horseplay and practical jokes had never attracted Princess May – and far more attempt to enlarge their knowledge of how their own countrymen lived. So they started the habit of regular tours to industrial districts – Margaret Bondfield's view of Queen Mary was that she would have made a first-class factory inspector.

Another extension of the job – and this Queen Mary did very much on her own – was to look after the royal palaces properly. The Victorian alterations to Marlborough House were abolished, and the main rooms restored to something like their original Wren appearance. Holyrood, which had been a mess, was given back its historical dignity. Always extending her knowledge by reading, and by visiting museums, she reorganised the collections and the furniture which had been neglected or dispersed.

There is no doubt, too, that Queen Mary saw her particular job as being, first of all, the monarch's prop and stay. Mr Pope-Hennessy demonstrates, by quotation from their letters, the utter devotion between this couple of inarticulate and reserved characters who had spent their honeymoon cooped up in a cottage at Sandringham in the rain, with the husband reading Greville's memoirs aloud to his bride. The King's letters are full of the feelings he could seldom bring himself to utter – 'My love grows stronger for you every day, mixed with admiration' – but the reader of these touching epistles can't help wondering how far this exclusive attachment stood in the way of the couple's understanding their children. Here, again, Mr Pope-Hennessy is frank (and has drawn freely on the Duke of Windsor's memoirs): Queen Mary was nothing like as good at bringing up her children as her impulsive mother had been. She had oddly little understanding of what children are like, was surprised when a two-year-old fidgeted, and expected her eldest son automatically to share her tastes for museums and galleries. Though she was intensely concerned about her children she seemed unable to break through the barriers of her reserve and speak directly to them on anything of importance. And she fell in with her husband's wishes for a quiet life to such an extent that Buckingham Palace in the Twenties became unutterably dull – 'I feel they can't possibly stay in and dine together every night of their lives,' wrote one of their sons; but they did, with an occasional outing to the Soane Museum or the Victoria and Albert as the Queen's only relaxation. For a civilised woman of intelligent tastes to be loved so doggedly by a resolutely philistine husband must have been an ambiguous blessing.

With this firm sense of monarchy as a job to

* *Queen Mary*. By JAMES POPE-HENNESSY. *Allen & Unwin*. 42*s*.

be done, it is no wonder that Queen Mary was stunned by the Abdication: it was inconceivable to her that her son should intend just to throw it up – 'Really, this might be Roumania!' Some time later he asked for her 'true feelings' about it all: her answer was quite clear. 'All my life I have put my Country before everything else and I simply cannot change now.' She was even quite sharp about the abdication of the Queen of the Netherlands in favour of her daughter: 'Wilhelmina is only 68, and that is *no* age to give up your job!'

After George V's death, Queen Mary's character and activities could again expand. At Badminton, where she spent the war (going with the utmost reluctance, for to leave London was 'not at all the thing'), she met ordinary people in a way she hadn't since her girlhood, and read Tolstoy and Dostoevsky for the first time. When she came back to London she went out as she wished – to *Annie Get Your Gun*, to a film up in Kilburn – and indulged her great passion for 'being useful' by working that remarkable carpet to bring in dollars.

Bagehot, in a phrase quoted by Mr Pope-Hennessy, defined royalty as 'a government in which the attention of the nation is concentrated on one person doing interesting actions': but the affection generally felt for Queen Mary in her old age surely came also from her behaviour, not so much in interesting situations, as in basic human ones. When her husband and sons died, she did not shut herself up with her distress as had Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra. She acted as most people – at least the middle-aged and elderly – would like to act: remaking her life in changed conditions, recovering energy, trying to be useful. So, even after the final blow of George VI's death, the old lady of 85 rallied: 'I suppose one must force oneself to go on to the end?' she asked an old friend. She sorted her possessions, as old ladies do, to save other people trouble later, she visited the Leonardo Exhibition at Burlington House. Her last letter was about a Goya portrait in a catalogue a friend had sent her: 'I particularly like the portrait of Marianito Goya with the silk hat – as one sees it was painted with great love'. Mr Pope-Hennessy has painted his portrait with great love.

JANET ADAM SMITH

High Up on Suilven

Gulfs of blue air, two lochs like spectacles,
A frog (this height) and Harris in the sky –
There are more reasons for hills
Than being steep and reaching only high.

Meeting the cliff face, the American wind
Stands up on end: chute going the wrong way.
Nine ravens play with it and
Go up and down its lift half the long day.

Reasons for them? The hill's one . . . A web like this
Has a thread that goes beyond the possible;
The old spider outside space
Runs down it – and where's raven? Or where's hill?

NORMAN MACCAIG

On His Own Couch

Free Associations. By ERNEST JONES. *Hogarth.* 25*s.*

The reckless courage of a man who enters into the abyss of himself – to use Yeats's phrase – is accorded little honour in our society. Honours are scattered about on other fronts. And many decades will pass before the true greatness of Ernest Jones, Freud's wisest counsellor and friend, is recognised. But he is well-known already for his biography of Freud, and now his last achievement, *Free Associations*, his delightfully humane and witty – and, alas, unfinished – autobiography, should add to his fame.

At their first meeting Freud remarked on Jones's nationality and cleverness. Another salient fact about him was his prodigious energy. One marvels how he found the time, in his life of seventy-nine years, for so much learning, doctoring, writing, research, organising, editing, travelling, and play. He was born in Wales, of Welsh parents, on the first day of 1879. (His infantile fantasies of omnipotence were much let down when he discovered, on a later anniversary, that the bells and hooters were not celebrating that singular event.) As one might expect, he delves into his childhood with an exquisite professional skill; and he brings up some very entertaining material. A troubled adolescence is recalled no less frankly. Of his schooling at Llandovery College he says, with enviable authority: 'When I look back on it, I feel that mental stability was not a prominent feature of the teaching staff'. From this college he went, on a scholarship, to Cardiff University, and thence to University College Hospital, London, where, at the early age of twenty-one, with the reputation of being one of the most brilliant students of his year, he qualified. He had never had any other ambition but to be a doctor.

The levity of medical students is notorious. Careful to provide a preliminary analytic comment on this attribute, Jones proceeds to relate some of his own exuberant pleasures and escapades in the London of the Naughty Nineties. On two occasions he spent the night in a police cell, once with a souvenir pair of tights for a pillow. But work was hard too, involving long hospital hours, lectures, operations, intensive reading, and nerve-racking midwifery in the infernal slums. Characteristically, unreason being his lifelong enemy, Jones refused to be confined by tribal rules and had himself smuggled into other hospitals when something of particular interest was being demonstrated; and soon he came to know most of the medical *élite* of that period. His portraits of these gentlemen – Rose Bradford, Sir Victor Horsley, Christopher Heath, and others – are fascinating; distinguished doctors and surgeons are nearly always more peculiar than one's fearful respect for them allows one to suppose. The famous surgeon Wilfred Trotter, Jones's closest friend and brother-in-law, is shown to have been a remarkably interesting and deep character, and there are some splendid examples of his wit. Once, when he was driven to exasperation in the course of an operation, he at last remarked: 'Mr Anæsthetist, if the patient can keep awake, surely you can'.

Fate is seldom as capricious as it seems. The diversions that force our lives off the roads that we think we have chosen are usually engineered by us before we reach them. One has only to retrace the difficult route by which the future biographer of Freud drew near to his subject to see how setbacks, which appeared, at the time, to be fatal, were in fact decreed by underlying interests and motivations. At the height of Jones's early

All over Europe they watched and waited. There was everything to lose or gain. The Pope had pledged a million gold ducats to support the first Spanish soldiers to set foot on English soil. The Liberty of England, the fate of Europe, turned upon **THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.**

Redoubtable, magnificent, the crescent formation of the Armada, 130 sails, stood off beyond the Eddystone; a floating wall, black and menacing, crowned with a multitude of towers – the Enterprise of England, outcome of a year of bustling preparations and the climax of a religious conflict that divided the European world.

Medina Sidonia, commander of the Invincible Armada, wrote 'I am always seasick and always catch cold. Since I have no experience of the sea or of war I cannot feel that I should command so important an enterprise.' Yet few could have excelled this reluctant admiral, gallant in action, resourceful in defeat.

Authoritative, original, ingenious and exciting, GARRETT MATTINGLY'S **THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA** is the Book Society's October Choice, and the greatest publishing event of the autumn. Reviewing it in *The Bookman* Dr J. H. Plumb calls it 'a faultless book; and one which most historians would have given half their working lives to have written'.

Drake, the tempestuous buccaneer, was to Catholic Spain the Enemy in person. Protestant princes of the North sent for his portrait; the tough, red beard and bright blue eyes became the symbol of England, as if the fate of the Queen's fleet depended on that strange pirate's whim. Yet his was a subordinate command.

A host of other personalities who took part in the struggle throughout Europe during that momentous year are brought to life by Professor MATTINGLY'S new way of writing history. From the glorious opening of the Enterprise to the wretched crawl back to Corunna, **THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA** is told with unrivalled scholarship – and the narrative power of a great war correspondent. With 20 photogravure illus. and 2 maps, 25*s.*

JONATHAN CAPE

successes the career that he had promised himself was quite suddenly checked: he had offended against the conventions. Thereafter his hopes suffered blow after blow, until he was obliged to leave England and take up a psychiatric post in Toronto. But none of these events was really accidental; nor, in the long run, were they damaging. From the beginning, his fearless, sceptical mind had been feeling its way from neurology to psychiatry, and from psychiatry onwards to psycho-analysis; and the pioneering temperament, which had made this progress possible, was bound, sooner or later, to have alienated the stuffed shirts of the orthodox medical world. In the outcome, it was a detour on the way to Toronto that took him to Vienna.

The first draft of this book was written in 1944. The author then laid it aside, thinking it proper to make the first disclosures about the quarrels and idiosyncrasies of the original psycho-analytical caucus in Freud's biography, not his own. By the time he was able to take it up again, in 1957, he was too ill to attempt more than a revision of what he had already written. He died before he had tackled the last four chapters – chapters which take the story from the period of his first approach to psycho-analysis up to his fortieth year, 1918, the year of his first wife's tragic death. However, they have required only a little editorial attention from his son, Mervyn Jones, who has provided an epilogue as well (but not an index), and one cannot detect the transition.

The value of this book is by no means restricted to the biographical material it supplies. Relaxed and fluent, as though enjoying the comfort of his own couch, the experienced analyst makes penetrating descents on a variety of subjects – the psychology of philosophers, of scientific pioneers, of success; the nature of the English ('they really are a peculiar people') and the Jews; revolutionary politics, sociology, religion and science, biology, the future of medicine and psycho-analysis. About this last he is optimistic, but without illusions. Jung's denial of infantile sexuality within a short time of publishing an account of its manifestations in his own child, gave Jones a lasting appreciation of the impermanence of insights. He believed that to build up an adequate knowledge of psychology, quite apart from applying it socially, would be a task of centuries. Nevertheless, he looked forward to a distant time when medical psychologists, like the priests of old, would be consulted by the community before it embarked on any important social or political enterprise. Should that time ever come he will indeed be famous.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

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BOOKS AND BOOKMEN *18s*

Crime Club

CAROL CARNAC

Death of a Ladykiller

An enthralling story of murder at the seaside by the author of *The Burning Question.* *10s 6d*

Collins

Population Myths

Social Theories of Fertility and the Malthusian Debate. By D. E. C. EVERSLEY. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

The author of this excellent book is an economic and social historian and he presents in historical sequence a fair sample of the opinions and theories that have been held, from Polybius to Sidney Coontz, on a crucial and controversial question: the reasons for change in the size of human populations. He shows in scholarly detail how diverse and contradictory these views have been, how they have reflected the political and economic needs of the day, and how slender has been the basis of fact on which most of them have been constructed. In doing so, he achieves two important objectives: he helps to clear the air for clearer thinking about problems which now beset us more than ever, and he provides a striking illustration of the subjectivity of supposedly rational theory on matters where our own deepest fears, interests and desires are involved.

Mr Eversley's own attitude to the conflicting theorists is cool, rational and at the same time kind. He does not condemn them out of hand, as ideologists in the Marxist sense, spinning out a 'false consciousness' to befuddle public opinion. He does not sneer and scoff at them, as Pareto scoffs and sneers at those who dress up their 'sentiments' in pseudological assertions. He even suggests that their 'universal laws', 'premature comprehensive theories' and 'prophecies' have had a function, since not only have they 'satisfied a popular need, but they have also provided politicians with a ready-made basis for action'.

'No Marx, no Einstein, no Keynes. Instead, a mass of polemics. . . .' Mr Eversley believes that the subject of population is peculiarly liable to distortion and dogmatism. He may well be right, yet I fear it would not be difficult to find similar instances in the discussion of any major social topic. He does, at any rate, feel that there has been a more sensible and a less sensible approach to the subject. This comes out in a penetrating assessment of the most famous of all population theorists, Malthus himself. Malthus anticipated modern theories, yet 'he delayed their formulation' by a peculiar combination of inconsistency and persuasiveness. The confusion in his thought may be due to his role as 'arch-apologist of the ruling classes', but Mr Eversley suggests that it may have been equally due to his lack of contact with the realities of the new industrial Britain and to his having been 'a bad observer of his fellow human beings'.

By comparison there were more sensible people such as Adam Fergusson 'in the Scottish tradition of observation and comment. . . . Had this tradition continued all would have been well'. But Malthus's *Essay* set up a distortion whose effects are still evident. Without Malthus

> the ideas of Fergusson and Paley might have been built into a reasonable general system by Senior, Jones or Mill. Thus we deny his merits but not his importance, for it is in fighting Malthus throughout the nineteenth century that the most important discoveries were made. Yet had he been less obstinate he might himself have built much of the edifice.

Economic science claims, or has claimed, to be predictive, and economists have made predictions about the effect of economic factors on population which have not been fulfilled. Sociology is less narrowly predictive, and takes account not only of economic factors but of 'evidence ranging from the biological to the theological, and from the political to the climatic'. Therefore sociologists potentially may have more to contribute, though their past record is not impressive and it would be a mistake to expect too much in the near future.

Thomas Doubleday, the Newcastle radical and poet, published in 1841 his *True Law of Population,* 'devoted to the idea that a rich diet causes sterility', citing not only the over-fed peerage but the Newcastle burgesses as examples. 'The poorly fed Irish and Scots, living on potatoes and fish respectively, were prolific', while 'in France, where many fat peasants are found, fertility was low'. His book was popular 'partly due to the simplicity of the argument, and its outward plausibility, and partly due to the appeal of the theory of abundance at the time when the Corn Law agitation was at its height'. His book and his theory went out of fashion, though a curiously similar argument was advanced quite recently by de Castro in his *Geography of Hunger.*

The search for a 'True Law of Population' is bound to continue, if only as the contemporary equivalent of a primitive fertility rite. The sequence from magic through theology to scientistic pseudology is familiar, and 'the concern with human reproduction, as anthropologists have explained, is at the core of organisation in human societies'. Always there is the fear of a population too small or too large for survival; the fear also, in a group or class or nation with declining numbers, of groups, classes or nations with increasing numbers. Whether at the level of the family, the state, or the world as a whole, the balance of reproduction is all-important. No wonder that the subject is enveloped in folklore. 'Juvenal's golden couch and Paley's rice eaters, Hippocrates' soft airs and the boots that help to beget a male child – all these form part of a powerful web of superstition'. To this web has been added, and is still being added, a perhaps unexampled tissue of rationalisation. It is the great merit of this very learnedly, lucidly, modestly and elegantly written historical study that it makes us aware of just how entangled we still are in that tissue and web.

CHARLES MADGE

The current issue of the *Universities Quarterly* (7*s.* 6*d.*) is given up to a discussion on Poets as Dons. T. R. Henn opens with his views on 'The Creative Artist at the University' and comments follow, based on personal experience and buttressed with examples of their own poetry, from Donald Davie, John Holloway, Laurence Lerner, Edwin Morgan, Patrick Cruttwell, Kathleen Raine, Allan Rodway, Robin Skelton, C. A. Trypanis, G. J. Warnock, Charles Tomlinson, and D. J. Enright.

Words, Words, Words

The Question of Hamlet. By HARRY LEVIN. *Oxford.* 18*s.*

Addressing himself to deliver three lectures on *Hamlet* before the University of Toronto, Professor Levin has found that the play falls into three movements, has three principal characters, is best reviewed in terms of the three rhetorical figures of Interrogation, Doubt and Irony, reveals upon such an examination a design of thesis, antithesis and synthesis, and exhibits a hero who keeps on saying things three times over.

Mr Levin, who is a most accomplished lecturer, never appears to say anything more than once. Yet one finishes the book doubtful whether his thrice renewed attack – or the odd use of diagrams to which he is addicted – brings much in the way of fresh definition to the tragedy in its larger dimensions. On the other hand many of his observations by the way are perceptive or at least extremely clever. Discussing the opening scene, he writes that 'the nocturnal setting from which it is launched, a fortified elevation by the edge of a northern sea, an outpost of reason on the frontier of unconsciousness, starkly accords with the interrogative theme'. The void beyond the battlements of Elsinore speaks perhaps as much of the unconscious as of unconsciousness; but Mr Levin does here make us aware of an important significance. Or again: 'As the exposition develops, we come to realise that the change of guard constitutes a symbolic prologue, a re-enactment of those dynastic changes which frame the play'. This is a longer shot, but one which does again alert the mind; the writer, we feel admiringly, must be a master hand at throwing out suggestions to stimulate pupils. Mr Levin in fact is nothing if not professional. Of the three 'supplementary studies' which plump out his book, the first is reprinted from the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, the second is a review of another study of *Hamlet* by another professor, and the third is a routine 'explication' of the Player's Speech. 'Words, words, words,' as the Prince says. But at least we don't before Mr Levin, as we do before some others who keep it up about Shakespeare, murmur 'O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!' as well.

J. I. M. STEWART

Explorer or Saint?

David Livingstone: Family Letters 1841-56. Edited by J. SCHAPERA. *Chatto.* 2 vols. 60*s.*

This is a collection of all the family letters of Livingstone that can be traced; although some have been quoted or published by his biographers, a great many have not. The most interesting ones, written to his father-in-law Robert Moffat, have never been printed till now. The whole covers Livingstone's first African period which takes him to the discovery of Lake Ngami and his forty-third year, and shows him in the minor roles of son, brother, husband and father. He projects far beyond that. Even those who are hazy about the details of Livingstone's life and have forgotten the biographies will be gripped by the first-hand, plain exactness of these early letters. The elation, restlessness, half-humorous practicality and impatience, have not yet been absorbed into the loneliness, suffering and passion that were to come. With the aid of Dr Schapera's scholarly commentary we can sketch out a first outline of Livingstone's character.

Fundamental to him is the impatience to be gone, to get away from foundations laid by other people and to work on his own – 'come out from them and be separate'. His earliest letters show him urging his family to get out of poor starved Scotland and its climate and go to America and find a secure life and make their fortunes. He even sent them money out of his tiny salary as a missionary to help them on the way; and, later on, in Africa he observes with approval that active and shrewd traders can make a fortune there. This is not his own desire. His idea of wealth is to gain new lands for the Gospel. Everything in the settled life arouses a sardonic indulgence. The family in Scotland are teased for their entanglement in sectarian niceties and the interesting fad of homœopathy; in Africa, issues are simpler, larger, releasing and also practically pressing. Yet in Bechuanaland, Livingstone regards himself as far too settled – or, rather, he is restless because the results of his missionary work do not come in at once. He goes to each meeting in low spirits. He sees the lack of interest on the faces of the people who tell him frankly they would be far more interested if he talked of oxen and game and how to get rain. It has often been suggested that Livingstone was far more the explorer than the missionary, but Dr Schapera does not accept this opinion and, on the evidence of these letters, he is right. Livingstone makes it clear that he sees himself as a discoverer of new territories for the Gospel, a sort of liberator who is unsuited to the grind of teaching put in by more successful missionaries like Moffat; but he does most vehemently mean 'for the Gospel'. Certain countries are benighted. In his letters to his brother in America, he says that America is benighted. And not only on the issue of Negro slavery. For Livingstone Christian freedom is a driving passion. His religious phrases – which sound conventional to us – are part of a passionate logic and do not strike one, if one considers his temperament and background, as merely automatic. He saw his own situation dramatically and the condition of Africa in the same way. It is not self-pity but a sort of exaltation which makes him announce cruelly to his mother and his sisters that they will never meet again this side of the grave; and in one letter, he goes so far as to say that, when they do meet in Heaven, they will have less time for one another than for important figures like the prophets!

In this kind of remark there is also a hard pawky humour, the quizzical joking which enabled him to get on with Africans. He is also quite shut up in the notion that he is the adviser and mentor of the family. Here again, he is practical. His sister is roughly teased for sending him her poems instead of local news: 'a slush of poetry like a cataract of cold water gruel'. A long time later he keeps up the tease by sending her a piece of his own doggerel. He hears of their illnesses and sends them prescriptions for constipation, forgetting they will arrive several months late. He has a strong concern for the bowels. A psychologist might be curious about the list of native words that 'occurred' to him when he was writing to R. Moffat Jnr about the Sicuana language: bowels, cold, honour, health, penis, ask, beg, stumble, sin, cow-dung, bladder, genitals, fear. His frugality is extraordinary. When he writes home for medicinal herbs – the autumn crocus for example – he wants the bulbs and roots, because chemists charge too much. He is also obstinate in quarrel. Stuck in Bechuanaland he is soon involved in the personal and sectarian quarrels he condemns at home, and does not yield. He makes it rather worse by saying these will all seem nothing in years to come when the Gospel has triumphed, for this is one

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"This is...a strangely insignificant bi-monthly", writes "Strangler" Cownofski of Alfred E. Neuman's MAD MAGAZINE (Shake, Rattle & Roll, 1/6) in an article on *The Psychoanalytical Meaning of Satyriasis* in "Backward". "The author knows that he has failed to discover anything new... I believe... that his magazine is a major disservice to man's study of himself... It is the least serious but most expressive attempt that I have read to plagiarize Freudian thought".

Mad Magazine — every 2 months — 1/6

more reason for not giving in. He has no pity when Sechele, the important convert, lapses into adultery. Let him make his peace with Christ.

Livingstone is very much a ruthless pioneer figure. He loved the life of the trail and his letters give a remarkable picture of the sheer hard physical work of the missionary's life – building houses, dams, growing crops, mending waggons. The detail is rarely dull. The famous episode of the lion comes into this period and it is interesting to see the incident dashed off, in a letter, written down for the first time. He is amused by his children when they are young animals, lectures them later, but through the accounts of drudgery there is a gleam of charm. Not a sunny charm; and certainly not the easy charm of an exuberant or expressive man; it is like the gleam on steel or in the face of an active man whose feelings are strong and buried deep. There have been many theories about the forces that drove Livingstone, especially in his later years, but those who have read the biographies will see in these family letters a full and living record of how his daily life seemed to him, done unguardedly and without pretence. These volumes are also a valuable footnote to African history, especially to the tragic history of the Boers' ignorant hostility to the coloured races. About that Livingstone was not in the least pacific. He is a militant saint.

V. S. PRITCHETT

New Novels

Tents of Wickedness. By PETER DE VRIES. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Every Man is God. By RAYMOND POSTGATE. *Joseph.* 15*s.*

Level Seven. By MORDECAI ROSHWALD. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Hiding Place. By ROBERT SHAW. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

The Devil's Advocate. By MORRIS WEST. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

We have been used to reading novels about novelists writing novels. It was time we had a novel about people reading novels; and who could do it better than Mr de Vries? *Tents of Wickedness* is a farce, an elaborate literary joke; but the epigraph from Sydney Smith – 'You must not think me necessarily foolish because I am facetious' – is not out of place. Charles Swallow lives in a town called Decency in Connecticut. Life there is as dull as people say it is here, and even the pleasures of nostalgia are diminishing.

> As much more vivid as his father's recollections were than his own, his grandfather's had been than that. *He* could remember a father who ran a chandler's store . . . and . . . quoted a brief portion of Scripture with every purchase of twenty cents or more. What would Charles's own two sons have to look back to? A man in a Brooks Brothers shirt mildly cursing chip shots in the living room floor.

There may be little to write about, but there is much to read; and literature has become more than an extension of life.

> For if the principle of imitation is all it seems – and religions call to perfection by no other – then progress is a series of successful plagiarisms, and the good life a long, translucent parody.

The novel begins with Charles Swallow sitting in his bath and trying to induce a Marquandian flashback. Awkwardly, this turns out to be pure Faulkner: he recalls a childhood experience in a coalbin with a girl called Beth. Later he learns that for Beth this experience has been traumatic. She has not developed emotionally and spends her time in a tree-house writing poems which are plagiarisms (and wonderful parodies) of every modern poet. Charles undertakes to cure Beth at the request of her father ('I'm a father asking you to seduce his daughter'). And so, with literature and life inextricably mingled, the complications follow, by way of Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway, with glances at Graham Greene and Proust ('For just as Proust was awakened by the thought that it was time to go to sleep, so most of the rest of us are, I judge, rather lulled into slumber by the realisation that it is time to get up'); and ends peaceably with Frank L. Stenton, author of *Jest a-wearyin' fer you.*

Mr de Vries's gifts as a humorist are dazzling, and much labour and skill have gone into this novel. Perhaps there is too much parody; in parts the novel is a repetition of *Comfort Me with Apples*; and the word-play is a little tiresome. But all this can be forgiven for the rare intelligence, wit and polish which make *Tents of Wickedness* such a rich entertainment.

Every Man Is God is a British family saga that begins in the 1880s and ends shortly after World War I. The simple and somewhat melodramatic story is told with violent conviction, but the real interest of the novel lies in its period detail. Mr Postgate is at his best when he is describing Victorian furniture and dress, uncovering the Victorian taste for pornography and vice, passing judgment on Monckton Milnes, or painting a malicious portrait of Edward VII. His purpose is to debunk the over-glamorised pre-1914 world, disagreeable in so many ways, and he writes with a zest which carries the reader along almost until the very end, when social history gives place to some sentimental and embarrassing story-telling.

Level Seven is a well-worked-out, absorbing and frightening novel of nuclear war. Shelters have been built in the earth at seven levels. The first level, just below the surface, is the largest and most vulnerable; this is for the masses. Trouble-makers are made quiet by being assigned to the second level, which is deeper and slightly smaller, but also vulnerable. Levels six and seven, the smallest and most secure, are reserved for the very few who will fight the nuclear war. The war starts; buttons are pressed; the world is wiped out. Then it appears that the war, which has been waged more or less by automatic warning devices on either side, was started by accident, by a technical hitch. More surprises follow, for in addition to being a powerful plea for nuclear disarmament, *Level Seven* is a competent piece of story-telling.

Few novels of adventure have opened more excitingly than *The Hiding Place.* It is 1952, and two English airmen are prisoners in a basement in Bonn. They have been there since 1944; they do not know that the war is over, and they imagine that their jailer, a former corporal of the Civil Defence who now works as a chemist's assistant, is still protecting them from the Gestapo. Release inevitably comes. And then nothing happens. All tension disappears, and the novel idles to a tame and disappointing end.

The Devil's Advocate comes from America with the commendations of Miss Faith Baldwin, Miss Betty Smith and Miss Anya Seton. Miss Baldwin praises the novel for its intelligence, Miss Smith for its style. Miss Seton simply says that she wept. The novel deals with the investigation of the life of a theatrical character who deserted from the Eighth Army in Italy after accidentally wiping out a family, hid in an impoverished village, did much good there, fathered a child, and indulged in mystical meditation before being shot by the Partisans. The investigation ends profitably, sadly

('He's dead,' said Aldo Meyer. 'He is with God,' said Aurelio, the Bishop.) and decently enough, with the one homosexual character getting out of everybody's way by hanging himself from an olive tree. In its quiet, maudlin way the novel has everything: sex, of both sorts, and violence, with much talk of God giving the whole tawdry show an air of profundity.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Does It Exist?

The Art of Radio. By DONALD MCWHINNIE. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Is there an art of radio? As an old practitioner, I would like to think so, but the evidence is not encouraging. Who are the great creators? Where is that range of noble works from which the aesthetic will be calculated? Louis MacNeice's *The Dark Tower*, Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood*, Beckett's *All That Fall*: these are the classics of radio, but are they works of art? Immediately one calls to mind other writings by these authors vastly more deserving of the name. Where are the unique geniuses of broadcasting, the Eisensteins of the air? It is a melancholy fact that most of the best things have been done by artists on holiday from other media.

Why is this so? There is a complex of reasons, mostly prosaic ones connected with the BBC's monopoly. From the start the practice of the art of radio has been confined to the employees of a single corporation. In his interesting book, Mr McWhinnie does not touch on this striking irony. One of the many bad consequences of monopoly was the delay in the development of magnetic tape recording, for which backstairs intrigue at Broadcasting House must be blamed. As a result, most radio writing has still an overliterary cast. More important, the practitioners have been infected by that terrible cheeriness the BBC has made its own. An unmistakable note of uplift pervades even the 'serious' programmes. Where else but at Broadcasting House do would-be artists regard themselves as public servants? Again, the financial rewards are not great, though Mr McWhinnie believes this does not matter much. No doubt, as he says, the ephemerality of radio is even more discouraging to new talent. Long ago Mr Richard Hughes pointed out that any worth-while programme should be broadcast every night for a week at least. Why is this not done? Why does the BBC not publish long-playing records of the best programmes? Until these mistakes are mended, there will not come into being a radio art of any great force or complexity.

It follows that Mr McWhinnie's theories are premature, if not pretentious. He talks about 'the radio experience', but what is a radio experience? Is reading a novel a fiction experience? Doesn't he mean simply 'listening to the radio'? There is more of this cant: '. . . the radio act comes out of silence, vibrates in the void and in the mind, and returns to silence'. Surely this is equally true of a banging door. When Mr McWhinnie is discussing actual programmes, however, he knows what he is talking about. He is a very good producer, held in esteem by actors and technicians as well as listeners. His account of his production of *All That Fall* is fascinating. Mr Beckett was fortunate indeed in his interpreters: this was a marvellous piece of work. In a different degree, so was Mr McWhinnie's production of Robert Bolt's *The Drunken Sailor*, here described in interesting detail, but without any indication of what a trivial play it was. Such are the limitations of collaboration. A producer is bound to be something of a handmaiden, if he does not write his own material. Mr McWhinnie is at his best explaining matters of strict technique, such as the ingenious sound effects he devised for Giles Cooper's *Mathry Beacon*, or the marriage of words and music in his adaptation of *Brideshead Revisited*.

Most writers about broadcasting adopt an apologetic tone. Mr McWhinnie expresses some fear that his book will be found mainly of archaeological interest. I expect he is right. However, there is one thing that might rescue the so-called art of radio. That is the popularity of LP records. Here is a means of publication nearly as convenient to the artist as books are. A work like *All That Fall* gained nothing from being broadcast; its subtleties are better suited to the high-fidelity record-player. Mr McWhinnie's own book would be much more interesting if it had been possible to supply the quotations in the form of an accompanying disc.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

A Woman at the Wars

The Face of War. By MARTHA GELLHORN. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

This is a collection of dispatches from four recent wars – Spain, Finland, China and the European end of the Second World war. They were first published in *Colliers*, an American magazine which gave Miss Gellhorn the licence to go wherever she wanted, and the time and space to be discursive. She was not required to produce hard news. Her business was to get herself to the war, and to say what war felt like, how it affected the attackers, the defenders and the innocent. She could have made a new book about her experiences, lifting the better phrases from her past articles. She spurned the idea. She has courageously reprinted the articles themselves, tidying the hurried syntax a bit, but damaging none of their immediacy. Undoubtedly she was one of the best correspondents whom the War produced, and today her articles are as fresh as striped shirts returned from the wash.

War-reports like Miss Gellhorn's appear to write themselves. You have only to go to a front-line position, on board a hospital ship, to a prison camp, or on patrol in a fighter-bomber, and make a mental note of the details observed and the remarks made, to become, as Miss Gellhorn describes herself, 'a walking tape-recorder with eyes'. You then hammer it all out on a typewriter while your impressions are still fresh, and slip it in the post to New York. It sounds easy: it is so immensely readable. How can you go wrong? You can go wrong by indiscretion, by overwriting, by attributing false motives, by the misuse of the dangerous literary device of understatement, by making your word-pictures unbelievably neat or heroic. She made none of these mistakes. She only erred when she came to point morals.

Her moral is, 'War is a crime against the living and always has been'. It is a dangerous platitude, and one which Miss Gellhorn herself contradicts. War is not always a crime. For if a people are living under a tyranny, or are threatened by one, it can be noble to overthrow it by force. She was in no doubt whatever that the Spanish Republicans were right to fight. So were the Finns, the Chinese. The Second World War, she writes in a concluding passage, was waged to abolish Dachau and everything that Dachau stood for: her only qualification of the rightness of that war is that we should have started it three

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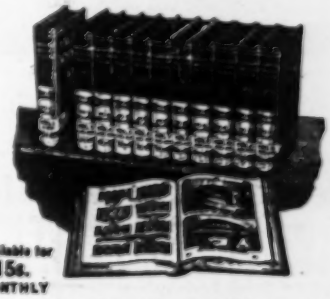

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years earlier, in Spain. So in her view war can be a legitimate means of defending the living, as well as a crime against them. But when she comes to consider future wars, we find her returning to the pacifism which she embraced before 1936. She thinks the prospect of nuclear war intolerable, not only because it is nuclear, but because it is war. 'As one of the millions of the led,' she writes, 'I will not be herded any farther along this imbecile road to nothingness. My *No* is this book. . . . I believe that memory and imagination, not nuclear weapons, are the great deterrents.'

Imagination, yes: but memory serves only to remind her how justified we all were, how purposeful was the sacrifice of all those millions. Her book is not a No against all war. It is one of the loudest Yesses yet pronounced. She does not see her soldiers and airmen as unwilling instruments of politicians, but as thinking human beings making a splendid personal choice. She willed them on by her pen. But the other side, whether they were Spanish fascists, Japs, Russians (when fighting in Finland), or Germans, particularly Germans, were almost without exception mean, brutal and despicable. 'Cologne,' she could write, 'is a startling sight. We are not shocked by it'; and then, as if a little ashamed of herself, she adds, 'Which only goes to prove that if you see enough of anything you stop noticing it.' She does herself discredit: she never stopped noticing misery. The reason why she did not grieve over Cologne was because it was German. Similarly she admires patriotism, but not German patriotism: 'They were simply not people like us; there was no common place where we could meet'. But there was: the battlefield, and the beastly emotions induced on it. When the GIs during the Battle of the Bulge told her that the Ardennes was 'wonderful Kraut-killing country', she did not flicker an eyelid. The Germans were simply obstacles to be removed, like road-blocks, and the process was not horrible because it demanded great courage on the part of her friends.

This is all very well, and perhaps necessary at the time. But does it become a great No against war when reprinted fifteen years later? I do not think it does.

NIGEL NICOLSON

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At Home in Odborough

Provincial Pleasures. By NORMAN NICHOLSON. *Hale.* 21*s.*

This is a slight book of great charm. It deals with the town of Odborough, which appears to be based on Millom, in Cumberland, where Mr Nicholson was born, and still lives. The view is panoramic. We see the small, declining steel town month by month, from January to December, and, flitting from character to character, place to place, we evoke at last an impression of this not quite real, not quite fictitious place. A penchant for outrageous imagery and a preoccupation with names make us invoke yet again the shade of Dylan Thomas, but Odborough is no Milk Wood. Everything in the dales is more solid, more concerned with established values than the wild and whirling dementia of Wales. It is, also, more dull, and the funny names, themselves concerned with the established values of Happy Families (PC Goosefoot for example, and Mr Sprout the greengrocer) are more traditional than funny. There are more arresting matters: the relationship of Amateur Operatic Societies and fertility cults, the sexual significance of Guy Fawkes Day; but on the whole the book is Thomas and water—or Sassoon and water. The village cricket match positively invites comparison with *Memoirs of a Fox Hunting Man.*

Mr Nicholson seems to me even more successful, and much less sentimental, when he is dealing with the things which are unique to Odborough: things like the richness and variety of Nonconformist worship and the close relationship of dales, sea and town. There are the local worthies and characters too, whose every platitude and witticism is cherished by a population so small as to know every outstanding member by name.

There are two qualities about this book, however, which give it a strength and quality above the slightness of its contents. One is its prose, which in its non-Thomas moods is fluent and unobtrusive without ever degenerating into prettiness, and the other is Mr Nicholson's delight in Odborough, his complete integration into a town where there are plenty of steelworkers and very few writers. Here, he implies, in this little town, which for him is a sufficient microcosm of the world, he belongs, he is happy. Odborough is what gives his life purpose. This to my mind is an admirable sentiment and, to far too many people nowadays, an enviable one.

JAMES MITCHELL

Week-end Competition

No. 1,547 Set by John Gillard Watson

Mr. Robin Skelton, in the current *Author*, suggests that theatre managements could help poets by printing a poem in their programmes. The usual prizes are offered for poems, of not more than 16 lines, suitable for inclusion in the programmes for one of the following: *Waiting for Godot, My Fair Lady, Henry V, Roots, Gotterdammerung.* Entries by 27 October.

Result of No. 1,544 Set by G. de Vavasour

Foreigners visiting this country complain of the difficulty of getting into friendly coversation with the natives. Competitors are invited to produce a set of three gambits which may—or may not—open the floodgates of British garrulity.

Report

Well, we could all do with a little help at times in this matter. The trouble with the easy ploys (*e.g.*, 'Will you explain your cricket game?') is that they merely take you the length of the pitch and no further. Do you *want* to know about l.b.w.? Do you *want* to know the man who knows? Provocative queries about local football teams invite, one would think, not converse but a clout on the jaw. Only one competitor suggested ailments, though these are enjoyed by everybody; nobody asked about love, hate, marriage, relations, phobias, work—all winners we would have thought. P.G.'s 'May I ask if you have scissors to cut this knot in my shoe-lace? I have to remove my shoes and make my devotions' is brave, but would surely be met with a stunned if courteous silence. 'Pardon, monsieur, I am lost . . .' might get results for Graham Tayar's 'beautiful young foreigner'; yet might not these include a Bow Street fine or deportation order? R. Milsom's 'Excuse me, I think our compartment is on fire!' shows initiative, but must really be classed as a a desperate remedy. P.G.'s 'Excuse me, but which section of this train is for Europeans only?' is better; so too is his: 'Could you tell me, please, whether the police ever board this train?' Other approaches for those prepared to take a risk include Granville Garley's 'A teacher? How pleasant to pass one's working hours in an ever-youthful atmosphere of innocent enthusiasm and joy!' or (in the Prom queue for the Hallé Orchestra) B.G.'s 'Excuse me, please. Is it that one can find herein Sir Thomas Steele?' Free use of all of these ploys is permitted to *NS* readers, so long as we are informed of any results.

Prizes of two guineas each to P. W. R. Foot and Henry Walter; a guinea to M. R. Dunnett; and half-a-guinea consolation prizes to P.G. (quoted above) and to E. O. Parrott, J. A. Lindon and Ethel Talbot Scheffauer for the single gambits printed below. Honourable mentions to R. Kennard Davis, J. E. Cherry, Stanley Sharpless, Annie Allen, L. K. Bluntmore, Shean McConnell, Granville Garley and John Digby.

To any military-looking gentleman: Pardon me, Monsieur, but didn't we meet at Suez?

To any lady or gentleman seen with a copy of 'The Times' or 'Telegraph': Pardon me, but I am a stranger to your country. Perhaps you could tell me the meaning of the slogan I read on so many of your hoardings: 'Life is bitter under the Conservatives'?

To anyone wearing the CND badge: Excuse me, I wonder if you could tell me the name of the place where you make your wonderful H-bombs. (*Add with pride*): I expect Monsieur/Madame knows that we are going to test ours very soon.

P. W. R. FOOT

American, in first-class compartment of suburban train, afternoon of 9 October (laying down newspaper and sighing): It sure beats me how you fellas let those Labour gangsters win all those seats—I guess the Commies were behind it, eh?

European, in Soho, Islington, Notting Hill, etc., any evening (flourishing wad of notes): Excuse please, sir, I look for place where I have, how you say, 'A good time'. Can you help me, please?

Anybody, anywhere, any time (producing notebook and pencil): I beg your pardon, but I'm carrying out a Public Opinion Poll for . . .

HENRY WALTER

Purchase a plumpish puppy, attach to a lead and place upon its haunches in the centre of a frequented but not too crowded pathway. Clutch the other end of the lead and pull, uttering words of endearment/frustration/anger/despair.

Select a large tree, preferably in the centre of a town. Stand directly underneath it and gaze upwards into its branches, using field glasses. To query 'What is it?' reply nightingale/golden eagle/injured swan/champion budgerigar.

Breed (or borrow) a fractious baby; rent a flat, place baby therein and open all windows. Soon, very soon, your kindly neighbours will be all over you with friendly suggestions.

M. R. DUNNETT

In a London newsagent's shop: And you were actually here when the bombs fell down the road? What was it like?

E. O. PARROTT

Afternoon call: I have often thought you English ladies must get terribly bored with life. Oh, if only I had your hours and hours of idleness, what books I could write! And (*pleasant laugh*) all you do is drink tea!

J. A. LINDON

At the Tea Party: She has been secretly married two years, your Princess Margaret, is zat true?

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

City Lights

Home Again, Jiggety-jig!

The Stock Exchange, as the headlines have roared, has never had it so good; seldom has so much been made so quickly by such a shameless assortment of punters. The market was brazenly confident of the election result long before it was announced; once it was announced, however, the wave of optimists rushing to take their reward was swamped by a wave of cautious souls anxious to be in ahead of those more timid still. The Stock Exchange went mad on Friday morning. Jobbers marked prices up sharply, but the marking-up had no effect: they found themselves faced with long queues of shouting brokers, armed to the teeth with orders to buy anything (but particularly steel shares) at the best price going if things went the right way. And what was the best price going? Nobody knew, nobody cared; when you've queued and sweated and jostled for a quarter of an hour to get near a jobber, you don't stop to argue the price, you don't defer dealing until you've checked it with the jobber at the end of the queue next door. Prices, in fact, were all over the place; jobbers, standing on chairs to escape the mob, did a frantically good trade while many brokers bought at prices which their clients might have regretted bitterly had not the boom continued. Nobody knows quite how large a business was done. The Stock Exchange system of voluntary markings is farcically inadequate—markings, indeed, were much heavier at the beginning of this week, though business was lighter, because brokers had more time to mark and more incentive to prove that they had really paid as high prices as they did—but all the oldest hands seem to agree that there has been nothing like last Friday in living memory. And the boom continued this week. Industrial prices rose by 15 per cent. in the two-week Account which covered the election. Steel share prices have more than doubled since the beginning of the year and have risen by half since the election campaign got under way: a run of new issues and the denationalisation of Richard Thomas & Baldwin cannot be far off.

* * *

A good many things happened, besides the crazy rush in the markets, as soon as the election result was out. Mr Grunwald was arrested, the trial of the Mias directors began, the State Building Society held a rowdy and abortive meeting, the biggest trade gap of the year was announced, it became known that the City was preparing a memorandum on take-over bids, and the unit trust movement sprang back into life. One trust announced that it would soon be making another block offer of 1m units. Another, instead of making a block offer, launched a new trust—5m units at 10s apiece—and advertised it on TV; the gimmick this time, HP having proved something of a flop, is a saving scheme for 'executives', an endowment insurance policy which matures in a given number of units rather than a given sum of money. You get tax relief on the insurance premiums, the full benefit of capital appreciation on your units, and the advantage—since the insurance company keeps the dividends and pays no surtax on them—of a lower premium.

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NS

was to announce, only four days after the election results, that they had at last succeeded in forming an association. The association had been nearly a year in the melting-pot, the discussions dominated and bedevilled by the feelings of one group, the oldest of the lot, determined – in an irritating, slightly maiden-ladyish way – to have an association which would set up standards and protect the investor. The merchant banks who run the new unit trusts were anxious enough to do the right thing but impatient with casuistry: after nine months of bickering they finally came down on the side of those who wanted an association first and rules later. The association has now been formed, and will no doubt make concessions from the government the first item on its agenda, but the doyen-duenna has refused to join. The chairman of the new association is Sir Oscar Hobson, until recently City Editor of the *News Chronicle*.

* * *

The memorandum on take-over bids which is being prepared by the City institutions most concerned has yet to be published, but it is unlikely, however deeply or superficially it touches on the economic and social factors involved, to be satisfactory: respectable institutions prefer not to follow practices generally thought to be undesirable, and a code of practice recommended by respectable associations to their own members must be of limited value. Whether it is a matter of controlling the financial machine (and Lord Radcliffe would have thought of Mr Jasper mainly in terms of liquidity) or of protecting the public in fields too subtle for legislation, the informal approach can achieve relatively little. It would be more useful for the Board of Trade to license dealers more selectively, laying down a bid code – which could be readily adjusted from time to time – as it already does for unit trusts. Similar action could be taken in the case of building societies, deposit-taking institutions, even – since the Stock Exchange Council is reluctant to be more than a member's committee – in the case of companies. The need is for a change of attitude, for the setting up of a commission with power to keep a constant check on everything which happens in the financial field and to give prompt advice to those responsible for protecting the investor, controlling the monetary machine, and collecting taxes.

Company News

Rootes, which is embarking on a £10m expansion programme, is short of cash. It is selling its HP company to *Astley Industrial Trust* (one-third of which is owned by the *District Bank*) for £3½m, £3m of it in cash. *Ford's* half-year results are excellent, though the optimists were disappointed over their scrip issue. Car sales have risen only modestly but margins have widened to twice their 1956 size; the net trading profit before tax (Ford is shy of providing depreciation figures) is up from £12.63m in the first half of 1958 to £16.16m in the first half of 1959. The interim dividend is up from 3½ to 5 per cent., and the total is likely to be at least 15 per cent. – more than five times covered by current earnings.

Thos. W. Ward, with a wide range of interests connected with the steel and building industries, has recovered well from the setback on which the chairman dwelt last autumn. Profits in the year to end-June are 7 per cent. up at £2.77m before tax and 23 per cent. up after it. The dividend has been raised from 20 to 25 per cent.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 518. Pawns Healthy and Unhealthy

When a P up with no positional weakness to pay for it we like to call it a healthy pawn, but it is deemed to be unhealthy when bought at the expense of some positional disadvantage due to an injudicious P-snatch. As for the inherent state of a pawn's health, it may be healthy when well supported, and glowing with health when imbued with the strength and menace of a passed P; and it may be unhealthy when backward and thereby impotent no less than vulnerable. An isolated P is vulnerable too, but it may well be a source of strength as well as of weakness, and the same applies to double-pawns and even isolated double-pawns. Separated from their fellows and awkwardly poised they are not a pretty sight, but let us remember that in the very process of being doubled and isolated they were opening files the advantage of which in the middle-game may well have outweighed the disadvantage of their inherent weakness. Nor are they all that weak in the ending when they can show their useful knack of denying the enemy King's access to vital squares, such as in this position. /4K3/8/2p5/8/P2k4/8/P7/8/. White's obvious method of winning clearly illustrates the peculiar strength of a double-P in such positions. (1) P-R5, K-B4; (2) P-R4, K-Q3; (3) K-Q8, P-B4; (4) P-R6!, K-B3; (5) P-R5, P-B5; (6) K-B8, P-B6; (7) P-R7 etc. This is by N. Grigoriev, that celebrated specialist for P-endings, and no less instructive is this 'textbook example' of his, first published in 1935. /24/1k6/8/4p1P1/6P1/6K1/. The only way for White to win is (1) K-B1! K-B5; (2) K-K2, K-Q5; (3) P-Kt4, K-K5; (4) P-Kt3 etc.; and just to see how carefully that sort of ending must be handled, look at the failure of (1) P-Kt4??, K-B5; (2) K-B1, K-Q6!!; (3) K-K1, K-K5; (4) P-Kt3, K-K4; (5) K-K2, K-K5!; (6) K-B1, the idea being to counter Black's . . . K-Q6?? by (7) K-K1 with an easy win. But Black simply plays (6) . . . K-K4! and after (7) K-K1, K-B3 the draw is inevitable. Finally, here is a study by Wotava, elaborating an idea of Grigoriev's and none the less instructive in its do's and don'ts. /K7/3p4/16/2P1P3/k7/4P3/8/. The only way to win is (1) P-B5, K-Kt5; (2) P-B6, P x P; (3) P-K5, K-B4; (4) P-K4 etc. But (1) K-Kt7?, K-Kt5; (2) K-B7, K x P would merely lead to a draw.

A: E. Meyer 1959

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black, two pawns up and with the Q-swop apparently forced, seemed to have weathered the storm. Yet, White forced a speedy win. How? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) will please our much neglected problem-addicts. They are both 3-movers and both classics, and I was reminded of them by G. Isenburger. A useful hint: the key-move happens to be the same in both problems.

B: J. Berger, 1887: /8/4p1K1/1p2p3/1Pp5/2k5/3Q2/3PPP2/7R/.

C: W. Grimshaw, 1854: /8/1kt4K1/qpB4p/3R3P/4kp1Kt/2p4P/2P1pP2/6R1/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 26 October.

REPORT on No. 515. Set 26 September.

A: (10) . . . QxP ch; (20) KxQ, Kt-Kt5 ch; (21) K-Kt1, Kt-R6 ch; (22) K-B1, Kt-R7 mate.

B: (1) Q-B7 ch, Q-B4; (2) Q-B4 ch, Q-K5; (3) Q-QB7 ch, K-B4; (4) Q-KB7 ch, K-Kt5; (5) Q-KKt7 ch, K-B4; (6) Kt-Q4 ch etc.

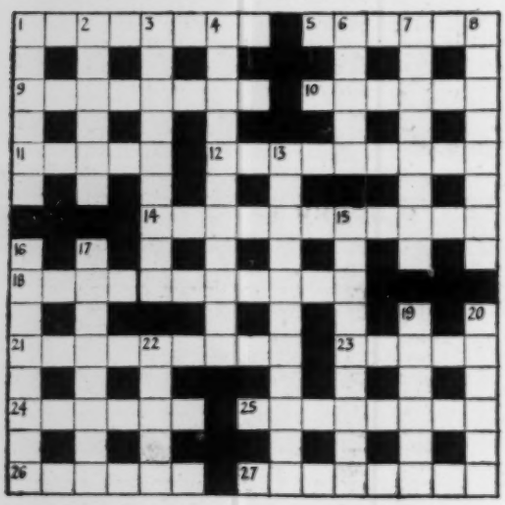
C: (1) P-Q7, K-K2; (2) R-Kt8, BxP! (P—Q7) (3) R-R8!, P—Q; (4) P—Q ch, KxQ; (5) B-R6 ch, B-Kt1!; (6) BxQ, K-B2; (7) B-R6, P-K7; (8) BxP, K-Kt7; (9) B-B3, KxR; (10) BxP mate.

Plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, S. N. Collings, C. Sandberg. In the 40th ladder-decade (a few weeks ago) the first four are G. Abrahams (932), A. J. Sobey (888), E. A. Barclay-Smith (752), E. Allan (723). They all went back to scratch.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 375

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 375, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 27 Oct.



ACROSS

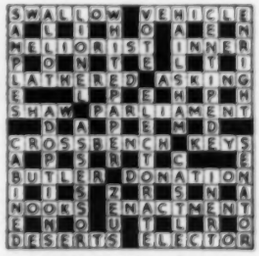
1. Flowers which include decoration after a bereavement (8).
5. Criticise the returning of thanks before food (6).
9. The cynic makes me pinch most of the cat (8).
10. Trifle with a doctor about an art historian (6).
11. Turner uses what is in the flat he rented (5).
12. If painless the cases would be trials (9).
14. The peer makes the air line cheat about a word (11).
18. Commons' emergency provision (4, 7).
21. A number before marriage take part in such love-making (9).
23. 'Pinnacled dim in the intense ——' (Shelley) (5).
24. Donkey engine (6).
25. Curative measures when a whole branch of the army is wiped out (8).
26. State which has the facts about the knock-out (6).
27. A tree to endure what the smoker may use (8).

DOWN

1. Talk indistinctly as a Dickens character (6).
2. Decorated, or possibly neat (6).
3. Time the pest is confounded on something hot (9).
4. The sailor has to get up and have a good feast (11).
6. 'The years —— much which the days never know' (Emerson) (5).
7. The crazy boss eats something not burnt (8).
8. The memento makes a television personality speak differently (8).
13. Scientific instruments which split mere atoms round the north-east (11).
15. One of the cradles would do for the fish I catch (9).
16. Former field-marshal and college head (8).
17. There is nothing in a depression arising over dismissal from the seat of office (8).
19. Irishman in a film on a metal surface (6).
20. Experienced mainly against the Irish (6).
22. Without it the fatuous would only have to write up (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 373



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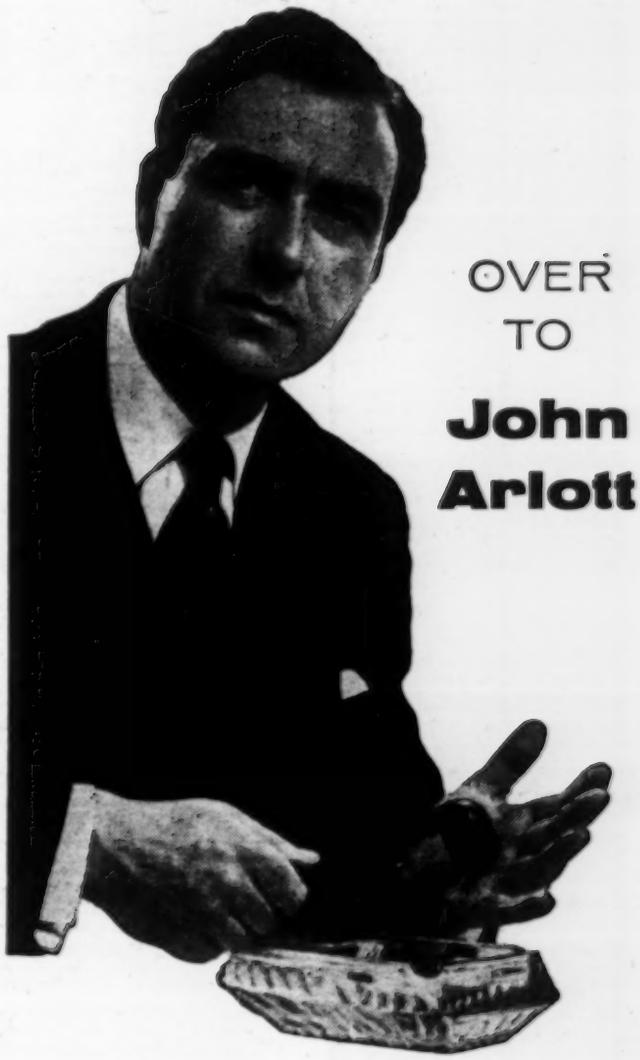

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH

GOVERNMENT CHEMIST

Applications are invited from scientists (men or women) for this pensionable post in London as Head of the Government Chemist's Laboratory, which provides other Government Departments with advice and experimental services in all branches of chemistry. Candidates must have suitable experience and superior attainments in chemical research and analysis, and the ability to organise, lead, and inspire a large scientific staff.

The appointment carries a salary of £3,800 (men).

Further details and an application form may be obtained from the Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, (quoting S5041/59). Completed application forms should be returned by 24 November 1959.

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Associated-Rediffusion requires EDUCATION OFFICER to be responsible mainly for the planning of SCIENCE programmes for Schools and for the preparation of ancillary literature for teachers and pupils. The person appointed will also be required to maintain contact with schools and educational organisations and to represent the Company, when required, in scientific matters. Good academic qualifications and an imaginative grasp of the educational possibilities of television are essential. Salary will not be less than £1,500 per annum. Superannuation Scheme.

The successful candidate will be expected to take up the appointment not later than 1 April 1960.

Requests for application forms should reach the Assistant General Manager (Staff), Associated-Rediffusion Ltd, Television House, Kingsway, WC2, by 24 October, 1959.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM
DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

Applications are invited for the CHAIR OF PHILOSOPHY and Headship of the Department, which becomes vacant on the election of Professor W. J. H. Sprott to the Chair of Psychology. Salary £2,450 per annum, with membership of the Universities' Superannuation Scheme and children's allowances. Conditions of appointment and form of application, which should be returned by 30 November 1959, from the Registrar.

CHRISTIAN Action has vacancy on its staff for young lady, preferably 22-30, with typing and shorthand and/or bookkeeping. Interest in its work and ability to oversee small general office essential. Apply in writing to Canon L. John Collins, 2 Amen Court, EC4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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READVERTISEMENT
Applications are invited for the following appointments:
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Candidates for above appointments should be suitably qualified and have experience of duties falling to a field worker in a Children's Department. Preference will be given to those holding recognised Child Care qualifications but, persons not technically qualified but with wide experience, will receive consideration.
SALARY—APT 1/11 (£610-£880) in addition to which the Senior Visitor receives a responsibility allowance.
Application forms and full particulars from Children's Officer, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible.

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KENYA College of Citizenship. Applications are invited for the post of Principal of the College which it is proposed to establish near Nairobi in Kenya for the purpose of conducting inter-racial courses of adult education for groups of students of approximately 25 in number. The courses will be partly vocational and will have the additional aim of achieving a better common understanding and a sense of common citizenship. The Principal, who will be responsible to an independent Board of Governors, will be required to launch the College. The Board is anxious to start courses as soon as possible and applicants should therefore state the earliest date by which they would be available. Salary will be in the range of £2,000 to £2,500 a year with free quarters furnished to a simple standard. The appointment will be initially for a period of two years at the end of which a gratuity equal to 12½% of salary will be payable and overseas leave granted with free air passages (tourist) up to a maximum of three according to requirements. Interested persons should submit their applications not later than 15 November giving details of age, qualifications and experience and stating whether married or single. Previous experience of adult education and of Africa would be desirable, but the Board of Governors will consider primarily the record, personality and ideals of the candidate. The College will require both an Administrative Secretary and a Housekeeper. If an applicant for the Principalship is married and his wife is interested in either of these posts the Board would be prepared to consider her. Further particulars can be obtained from G. Hunter, c/o Royal Commonwealth Society, Northumberland Avenue, London, WC2, to whom all applications should be addressed.

ZOOLOGICAL Society of London invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Education Department from January 1960, for three months in the first instance. The Assistant Lecturer will be responsible for the lecture/demonstrations on zoological subjects for secondary school pupils. Candidates should have experience in teaching in secondary schools and have either a degree in Zoology or a wide knowledge of animals. Salary will be on a supply basis. Applications should be sent to the Establishments Officer, The Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, NW1, not later than 31 October 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Institute of British Architects invites applications for a senior executive post, newly created within the salary range £2,000-£3,000 p.a. There is a pension scheme. The task will be to create a better understanding of the function of the architect in all its social, economic and aesthetic aspects and to relate this locally and nationally to the policy of the Institute and its Allied Societies. He will also co-ordinate the Institute's existing activities directed to these ends. Further information and application forms (to be returned not later than 31 October) from the Secretary, Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, London, W1.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, Faculty of Economics. Applications are invited for the following appointments: (1) Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Economics, (2) Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Business Statistics: The Lecturer will be responsible for organising and conducting a course in the applications to business of sampling, statistical decision making, linear programming, etc. Salary scales: Senior Lecturer – £A2,100-$0-2,500; Lecturer – £A1,500-$0-2,060. Superannuation on the FSSU basis. Copies of the general conditions of appointment and of statements relating to the posts may be had on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or to the Registrar. The Calendar of the University may be seen in the Library of any University which is a member of the AUBC; housing help is available and any further information desired will be supplied on request. It is very desirable, but not essential, that the successful candidates should take up duty by the beginning of the academic year early in March, 1960. Applications, in duplicate and giving the information listed in the general conditions of appointment, should reach the Registrar, the University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 16 November, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of New England. Lectureship in Psychology. Applications are invited for the above position. The person appointed will be primarily concerned with the internal teaching programme of the Department but will also be required to assist in work with external students. Commencing salary will be determined according to qualifications and experience within the range £A1,500×90-£A2,100 plus cost of living allowance. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 14 November 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lecturer in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have an Honours degree in Philosophy. It is essential that the successful candidate should be capable of teaching Formal and Philosophical Logic at all levels. The salary attached to this position will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applns close in New Zealand and London on 15 Nov. 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Adult Education Centre. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor/Organiser—Northland Area. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum rising to £1,275 per annum by three annual increments. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 20 November 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Classics. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have an Honours Degree and should be prepared to lecture on Latin and/or Greek for Pass Degree and Honours and (if called upon) to share in the (first-year Pass) Ancient History course. Experience of teaching classics, whether in a school or at a university, will be a recommendation. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 per annum. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applns close in Australia and London on 30 Oct., 1959.

UNIVERSITY College of Wales, Aberystwyth. A Technician or Junior Technician will shortly be appointed in the Department of Zoology, within the following salary scales: Junior Technician – £193 14s. to £388 14s. per annum according to age. Technician – £440-£590 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. (Applicants should possess either the Ordinary National Certificate, the Intermediate Certificate of the City and Guilds of London Institute or the Intermediate B.Sc. in Zoology.) Applications, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent to the Registrar, on or before 7 Nov. 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of British Columbia, Vancouver, Canada. Department of Anthropology and Sociology. Applications are invited for vacancies for Instructors in Sociology. Candidates should have a doctoral degree or its equivalent with research experience, preferably in one or more of the following fields: sociology of religion, political sociology, industrial sociology, the study of minorities. Promotion to Assistant Professor would normally occur within a short period. Salary floors are $5,400 for Instructor, $6,600 for Assistant Professor, with superannuation, disability income insurance, and medical insurance. Teaching duties would begin in September 1960. Apply, with names of referees, to the Head of the Department.

THE University of Manchester. The University invites applications for an additional appointment as Officer for Men Students in Lodgings. Salary according to qualifications and experience but not less than £750 per annum. Duties to commence as soon as possible. Applications must be submitted not later than 31 October 1959 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom forms of application and further particulars can be obtained.

LONDON County Council. City of Westminster College, Francis House, Francis Street, SW1, requires 1 January, 1960, Assistants Grade B (a) to teach Shorthand and Typewriting, mainly to ex-grammar school girls taking Full-time Secretarial Course. Graduate preferred but not essential. Ability to offer other subjects a recommendation, (b) Graduate, to teach Economics and allied subjects up to GCE 'A' Level; previous teaching experience desirable. Burnham (FE) Salary Scale (men) £700×£27 10s. to £1,150 plus additions for qualifications and training and London allowance £38 or £51; increments within scale for experience (slightly lower scale for women until 1961). Application forms from Secretary at College, to be returned by 26 October 1959. (2236.)

POPLAR Technical College, Secondary Boys' School (280 pupils, age range 11+ to 16+) Qualified masters required for (A) Chemistry (graded post, allowance £150); and (B) for Woodwork. Burnham P. & S. salary £520×£27 10s. to £1,000 plus London Allowance £38 or £51 and possible additions for qualifications and training; increments within scale for experience. Application forms (foolscap S.A.E.) from Sec. at College, Poplar High St, E14, to be returned by 23 Oct.

CUMBERLAND Education Committee. Assistant to Further Education and Youth Officer. As part of a substantial development in further education, the Authority propose to appoint an additional man or woman Assistant to the Further Education and Youth Officer. Applicants should be suitably qualified for work among young people and have experience in the field of informal further education. Authorities staff already includes an Officer responsible for out-of-door activities; the additional Assistant will be expected to show ability in, and foster the development of, complementary activities such as drama, art or music. Salary will be in accordance with Grade 'B' of the Burnham Scale for Teachers in Establishments of Further Education. (Men £700×£27 10s.×£37 10s.–£1,150; women £630×£22×£26–£920 with equal pay adjustments). A van will be provided. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Director of Education, 5 Portland Square, Carlisle, to whom completed forms should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. G. N. C. Swift, Clerk of the Council, The Courts, Carlisle.

WEST Park Hospital, Epsom, Surrey. Applications are invited for one post of Senior Psychiatric Social Worker and two posts of Psychiatric Social Worker in an expanding department. The establishment has been increased from two to four Psychiatric Social Workers, one being in the senior grade. The hospital accommodates more than 2,000 patients from Lambeth, Mitcham and Wandsworth. Out-patient clinics are held at Lambeth Hospital, St John's Hospital, Battersea, and the Wilson Hospital, Mitcham. In addition the Consultant Psychiatrists are engaged in a growing domiciliary service. The hospital has embarked on a forward-looking scheme of rehabilitation and it is hoped that eventually it will be recommended as a hospital for training Psychiatric Social Workers. The salaries and conditions of service are subject to Whitley Council agreements, and the appointment is subject to the NHS (Superannuation) Regulations including medical exam. The hospital may be visited at any time by appointment with the Group Sec., who will be glad to provide any further information.

FAMILY Casework. London County Council requires additional Caseworkers for work with selected families in danger of break-up or described as problem families. Caseworkers are expected to help such families to become self-supporting and acceptable members of the community. The work makes heavy demands but is both challenging and rewarding. Case loads are small. Co-operation with all agencies concerned, both statutory and voluntary, regarded as an essential part of the work. Experience in family casework essential; relevant professional training preferable. £665-£965, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Details and application form from Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, SE1. Closing date 2 November. (2163.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited to fill a vacancy on our Organising Staff, Northern England. Initiative and good personality essential; TU background an asset. Commencing remuneration in the region of £700 p.a., according to qualifications. Write for application form: National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St, London, SW1.

ST JOHN'S and Manor House Hospital Management Committee, St John's Hospital, Stone, Aylesbury, Bucks. Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker to work with the Psychiatric Social Worker at St John's Hospital, a Mental Hospital with 860 beds and an extensive out-patients' service. Candidates must hold a Certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers or a Social Science Diploma or degree in Social Science. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council scales. Applications, with two names for reference, to the Physician Superintendent, St John's Hospital, forthwith.

A WARDEN is required for the Gate House, Cheltenham, a new Hostel for 20 young women (ages 17 and under 21) on probation. A sense of vocation, a good general education and experience of personal work essential; Social Science training an advantage. Salary to be arranged in accordance with qualifications and experience. Local Government Superannuation Scheme applies. Applications with names of three referees to the General Secretary, London Police Court Mission, 2 Hobart Place, London, SW1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Welfare Officer, female. Salary £527 per annum, rising by annual increments to £806. Contributory pension scheme. Candidates without training but with suitable background and exp. would be considered. Apply in writing to Ass. Sec., The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

BRAILLE Trainee required for the National Library for the Blind, commencing salary £7 10s. Hours 9-5 Monday-Friday. 3 weeks holiday. Superannuation. Apply in writing to 35 Great Smith Street, SW1.

NEWS Indexer required for library of international news agency, London. Must be competent typist and fully experienced in this type of work of which proof will be required. Complete command of English essential, background knowledge of languages an advantage. 5-day week, 8-hour day. Canteen, contributory pension scheme. Write Box 11669.

ALL-round journalists wanted by lively, growing trade paper. Reporting, features, some make-up. First write fully: Editor, 'Ironmongery & Hardware', 63 Great Portland Street, London, W1.

CANADIAN lawyer reqs yng Barrister or Solicitor as assistant with view to partnership. Excel. prospects. Box 11113.

KEEN young ladies for interesting posts connected with foreign travel and other work to improve international understanding. Senior with clerical experience, junior with typing. Apply by letter 'personal', Mr K. Powell, IFL, Creswick Rd, London, W3.

A YOUNG woman required as assistant to the Editor of Cassell's Directory of Publishing. Experience in this field not necessary; intelligence and accurate typing essential. Write to Mrs Margaret Flower, Cassell & Co, 35 Red Lion Sq, WC1.

COMMISSION Agents wanted to introduce new interesting children's book stocked by leading wholesalers to booksellers, stationers, newsagents &/or schools. Box 11615.

SECRETARIAL Assistant with good shorthand and typing speeds, adaptability and initiative, required for psychological research unit in Medical School; experience in allied field an advantage; varied and interesting work. Commencing salary, according to qualifications and experience £478 (including £30 London Weighting allowance) to an eventual maximum of £630 (including London Weighting allowance). Apply, giving full details, or write for an application form (to be returned within seven days), to The Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. (REF. FPP.)

REQUIRED 3 November assistant to textile designer in Chelsea. RCA or Central School preferred. 4 or 5 days weekly. Lucienne Day. FLA. 1455.

INTERESTING part-time secretarial job in editorial office weekly journal. Good shorthand typing (intelligent transcription more important than highest speed), willing tackle varied work. Graduate or equivalent background preferred. 3 half-days p.w. £5 10s. Write Box 11659, or Tel. EUS. 1056.

INTELL. secretary/housekeeper reqd. Please phone WES. 1302/write Box 11696.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. Telephone TEM. 6644. Employment Agency for male and female office staff.

HARD Times can lead to Great Expectations at the Winifred Johnson Employment Bureau, 114 Holborn (next to Gamages), EC1. HOL. 0390.

ENGLISH-speaking parents Rome seek nursery governess. References offered & requested. Marsan, 3 Via Amiterno, Rome.

CAREERS, Problems—consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37A Devonshire Street, W1. Tel. Welbeck 8017.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

RETIRED Engineer/Farmer, ex-Army Officer, 43, seeks bursarship Private or Prep. School. Capital for development after suitable probationary period if reqd. Box 11545

INTERESTING and worthwhile part-time job required. Girl, 24, offers intelligence, sh./typing, langs. Box 11721.

RETIRED Lieutenant Commander (Supply and Secretariat Branch), unmarried, 36, seeks temporary post town or country. Experienced office manager, personnel officer, mountaineer, and archaeologist (Middle East). Interested youth work and travel. Box 11585.

PROF. woman, long experience furniture trade and architectural profession, seeks liaison or organising post London. Box 11678.

PART-time social work required. Some experience. Box 11722.

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PERSONAL

FURNISHED family holiday accommodation reqd near sea (sand essential) in West or South West, August 1960. Box 11531.

CHARMING room & bkfast with family offd to lady student for 3 hrs light housework daily. No Suns. PRI. 6988 after 5 p.m.

PHOTOGRAPHER driving to Hanover via Brussels 6 Nov. retg 14 Nov. has vacs 2 passngrs. Commissions undertaken. WEL. 2866

ITALIAN girl seeks post 'au pair' six months; or offers family vacation Lago Maggiore exchange hospitality. Box 11705.

JOURNALIST wants part-time work, literary, clerical, own office. Box 11538.

GENEVA furn. flat (c. heat., labour-saving), 2 rooms, kit. (frig.), bath, garage, now vacant. Interview London. Occas. swop poss. 1 room there for 1 London. Swiss registered 1956 Morris M for use/sale (£550) with above garage or sep. Box 11671.

1/2 seats car for Switzerland (about 12 Nov.). Dates, itinerary by arr. Box 11672.

NS reader recommends excellent dressmaker in Pimlico. S.a.e. Box 11586.

INTELLECTUAL, middle-aged alumni and alumnae interested in informal yet serious discussion circle, please write Box 11270.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. There may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

HALLOWEEN Party Weekend (incl. Country Dancing) 30 October at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; 6 November 'Responsibility for Social Progress'.

CONFERENCE centre, 40 beds, now free. Apply Warden, Clare, Suffolk.

DISCUSSION Groups, conferences, theatre, sunbathing, poetry and painting among friendly members of the Progressive League (N.3), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

CONSTRUCTIVE advice on MSS offered by editor of leading publishing house experienced in creative editing and rewriting. No theses or dramatic scripts. Box 10865.

HARPSICHORDS by William de Blaise may be inspected in the showrooms of the makers – Whelpdale, Maxwell & Codd Ltd, Bluthner House, 47 Conduit Street, London, W1. Particulars on application. Telephone REGent 7361.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversation & tuition.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply Dept. 162, TV Writing School, 14 Sackville St, W1.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

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THE Hobby of a Lifetime! Painting in Oils and Watercolours is a wonderful way to relax – gives you years of added enjoyment. Free Winsor and Newton set when you start! Apply for Free Book on ICS Home Study Course, International Correspondence Schools, Intertext House, Parkgate Road (Dept P.2C), London, SW11.

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LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet and Price List free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories, Box 46, 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

PERSONAL—continued

CHRISTIAN Medical Work in Africa is an answer to a call for doctors and nurses from all parts of the continent. Dr Clement Chesterman will speak in the BBC Good Cause of the Week, on Sunday, 18 October, 1959, at 8.25 p.m., on the Medical Work of British Missionary Societies in Africa, and will gratefully acknowledge gifts sent to him at 2 Eaton Gate, London, SW1.

CHINA Fair & Exhibition. 20-26 Oct. 45 Park Lane, W1. Arts, crafts, stamps, etc. Evening Events: 20 Oct. – Chinese Concert; 21 Oct. – Lecture 'Background to the Revolution', Dr Jos. Needham, FRS. Chair.: Prof., J. D. Bernal, FRS; 23 Oct. – 'Art in China', Sir Herbert Read & Paul Hogarth. Chair: John Berger. 24 Oct. – Chinese Concert. Film shows daily.

THE 1957 Society, a Society for Graduates over 27, holds monthly discussion meetings with invited guest speakers, and includes among its social activities a dining club and theatre parties. The Society now has some vacancies for men; there is a waiting list for women. For details please write to 108 Baker Street, W1.

£10 for new poem by writer who has not previously published volume of verse. Detls: Critical Quarterly, University, Hull.

DID you know? A portable typewriter of world-famous make – Olympia, Olivetti or Imperial – can be yours for 25s. down. Balance over 18 months. Write or 'phone: Universal Supplies Co., 16 College Crescent, NW3. PRImrose 4666. Typewriter repairs; free estimate, collection and delivery.

WINTER Sporting? Or going away? Book a country holiday for your dog. Long stays and large dogs welcomed. We collect Dover or arrange transport. Climpson, Summerfield, Eastry, Sandwich, Kent.

GERMAN. Learn German the solid way. Learn it at Ashley College, GER. 8782.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

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PARIS – Paying Guest holidays for young people in excellent families personally visited by Junior Tourism, 47 Redington Road, London, NW3. HAMpstead 0869.

RUSSIAN lessons given by ex Leningrad graduate. E.R., 31 Mowbray Rd., NW6.

PAUL & Marjorie Abbatt Toyshop. The right toys at the right age mean busy, happy children. Catalogue free for postal shopping: Dept NS, 94 Wimpole St, W1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KEN. 8042.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 43a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a Proud Policy through The New Homes Building Society, 342 Richmond Rd, E. Twickenham. Chr. Anthony Marlowe.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e. to Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq. WC2.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 524

RUSSIAN lessons by exp. lady teacher. 10s. 6d. p.1: sml group/indiv. TUL. 3297.

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THE Re-education Centre (formerly the Isobel Cripps Centre Ltd.), 18 Lansdowne Rd, Holland Park, W11, under the direction of Donald Grant. Tuition in Posture, Movement & relaxation of muscular & nervous tension.

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ROOM for 2 children in morning nursery group. Angel, Islington. TER. 6873.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WANTED: Copies of 'Murder Murder' by Laurence Vail. Pub. Peter Davies, about 1932. Box 11518.

WANTED: Ford: 'Readings in Old Spanish' – pub. Ginn. Box 11719.

POSTURE, Habit & Health. An Introduction to the Alexander Technique by Eric de Peyer. Price 1s. 2d. (incl. postage) from Secretary, 7 Wellington Square, SW3.

WHAT are the facts about homosexuality? Should the law be changed? Decide for yourself after reading 'Some Questions and Answers about Homosexuality', obtainable from The Albany Trust, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1. Price 1s., postage 4½d.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books). Phone AMBassador 1564.

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SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism; we buy books, pamps, journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6307.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford Trading, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, Lond., WC2.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

FOOD AND DRINK

ROYAL Jelly, so much in the news, is the fabulous milk of the Queen Bee. Recommended as a first-class Energy Food when packed in Clover Honey. A 21-day course costs 42s. from Nectarene Royal Jelly Products, The Honey Farm, Aberayron 4, Cards.

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19, 20 & 23 Oct.	Les Patineurs, Antigone, Pineapple Poll
21 & 24 Oct.	Le Lac des Cygnes.
22 Oct.	Coppelia, Facade.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Season opens 28 October with Un Ballo in Maschera.

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OPERA SEASON
Evenings at 7.30

20 & 30 Oct.	Madama Butterfly
21, 23 & 28 Oct.	Andrea Chenier
22 Oct.	Don Giovanni
24 & 27 Oct.	The Flying Dutchman
29 & 31 Oct.	Cinderella (La Cenerentola)

OPERA Circle. 18 Oct. 1959 at 8 p.m., 4 St James's Sq., SW1. 'Andrea Chenier' by Giordano. Lecturer: Anthony Besch. Tom Hammond, piano. Members Sadler's Wells production. Details: Hon. Sec. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Lst pfs. St., Sn. 5, 8, Marriage of Mr Mississippi. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 4-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. Sean O'Casey's 'Cock-A-Doodle Dandy'. Ends 17 Oct. Com. 22 Oct. 'Serjeant Musgrave's Dance'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 19 Oct. 7.30, sub. 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'Make Me An Offer'.

TOWER. 7.30 16, 17 Oct. Ustinov's 'The Love of Four Colonels. 23, 24, 25 (mems), 29, 30, 31 Oct., new play. Norris Harvey's 'Pursue the Dry Stubble'. Book Now. CAN. 3475 (9-6) and CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. A Rocket for the Governor. Comedy. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 – Free Concerts, Wednesday evenings at 7.45: – 21 October, 17th Century Music (Simpson, Bach, Handel): Denis Nesbitt and Jane Clark. 28 October, Music and Recordings of 17th and 18th Century Organs: Geraint Jones. 4 November, New World Sounds: Russ Henderson Trinidad Steel Band. 11 November, Wind Music of 18th, 19th and 20th Centuries: Members of New English Orchestra directed by Leonard Rafter. 18 November, Folk Songs of Many Lands: Engel Lund and Ferdinand Ruater. 25 November, Syriax to Saxophone (A History of Wood Wind): James MacGillivray and Joan Rimmer. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light refreshments available 7-7.40 p.m. (1918.)

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Works by Handel, Purcell, Telemann, Quantz, Bach, J. C. Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sat., 24 Oct., 8.15. WAT. 3191.

SCHUBERT Society Orchestra. Vacancies all instruments, especially strings. Prelim. meeting Marylebone Institute, Cosway Street, NW1, 21 Oct., 7.30 p.m. Further details Brockless, 11 Connaught Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, SW11. BAT. 7227.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Russian Film Season. Until 18 Oct.: 'The Forty-First' (U). From 19 Oct.: The Gorki Trilogy; 'The Childhood of Maxim Gorki' (A).

THE Companions Club – Friendly, informal dance every Thursday, 8-11 p.m. at the Roebuck, 108a, Tottenham Court Road (opp. Easterns). Mem. 2s., guests 3s. at door or 'phone GER. 3063.

ICA, 17 Dover St. W1. Dancing to the Buddy Kaye Quartette. Today, Sat. 17 Oct., 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s., their guests 5s.

DANCE, International Friendship League, Porchester Hall, Queensway, W2. Sat., 17 Oct. 7.30-11.30 p.m. Tkts 5s. Annual Reunion, but all welcome.

EXHIBITIONS

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. Heads and Masks. African masks, sculpture from India, Siam, Europe.

POTS by Janet Leach and William Marshall Exhibition open daily 9.30-5.30, Saturdays to 1 p.m., from 14-24 October. Primavera, 149 Sloane St, SW1.

EXHIBITION of Scottish Crafts by the Scottish Craft Centre at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16/17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W1. 21 October to 7 November. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Place': A Environment of Paintings by Robyn Denny, Ralph Rumney, Richard Smith. Until 24 October. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free. Library: Homage to Marcel Duchamp.

NEW Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, London, SW1. Welsh Exhibition, until 3 November, 10-6.30. Sats. 10-1..

DUNOYER De Segonzac: Drawings, watercolours & engravings. An Arts Council exhibition. Royal Academy Diploma Gallery. Till 29 November. Weekdays 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. It is Alcopley it is! The New York painter. 7 to 24 October. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints. Julian Trevelyan – The Malta Suite. 7 Cork St, W1, 10-1, Sats 10-6. REG. 3660.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 3529.) Paul Millichip—new pntgs.

HEAL'S Craftsman's Market. Slipware & Maiolica by Maureen Koppenhagen and David Eeles of the Shepherd's Well Pottery. 14-31 October.

FROM Hodler to Klee: Swiss Art of the Twentieth Century. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery, Till 1 Nov. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

KAPLAN Gallery, 'Tinguely' Meta-Matics until 31 Oct., 6 Duke St, St James's.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Keith Vaughan – Gouaches. Carl Plate – Paintings. David Wynne – Sculpture. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 21 October.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Road, W14. Exhibition of Early English Water Colours (Cox, Cotman, De Wint, Varley), from Lord Clwyd's collection. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., Saturdays 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., to 17 October.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Picabia – First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 14 November. 142 New Bond Street, London, W1.

NEW Vision Gallery, 4 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, W1. 5-24 Oct. Paintings & Drawings by Halima Nalecz.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Paintings and Aquatints by Soulages: Recent paintings by Paul Feiler. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 30 Oct.

WADDINGTON Galleries: recent paintings Kate Nicholson. 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Kasimir Malevich 1878-1935. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

SWITCH to Leisure Exhibition Labour-saving appliances, kitchens. Demonstrations daily. Until 24 October. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W1. MUSeum 1666.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities & Left Review Club
'THE NEXT FIVE YEARS OF TORY RULE' Mon., 19 Oct., Charles Taylor, Ralph Samuel, Mervyn Jones. Chair: Stuart Hall. 7.30 for 8 p.m.
Please note new meeting place: Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1 (2 mins Warren Street Station).
Sun., 18 Oct., 8 p.m. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle Street, W1. Members' Meeting.

Collet's 1959-60 Series of Talks
V. N. NEKRASOV
London Correspondent of Pravda
on
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN THE SOVIET UNION
Thursday, 22 Oct., 7.30 p.m., at Caxton Hall, Westminster.
Tickets 2s each from Collet's London Bookshop, 66 Charing Cross Road, WC1.

'PENAL Practice in a Changing Society.' A critical examination of the White Paper policy. Six monthly lectures at the Caxton Hall, SW1. Wed., 21 October, 7.30 p.m. C. H. Rolph. Adm. 2s. Programmes: ISTD, 8 Bourdon Street, W1. (MAY. 3472.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON Schools Left Club. Fri. 16 Oct. Walter Wolfgang (Lab. cand. Croydon) 'The Way Out of Defeat'. Fri. 23 Oct. Kenneth Baynes 'His position as a Painter' (see exhib. at Partisan) 6 p.m. 7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq. School students only.

GENERAL Sir Ronald Adam, GCB, DSO, LL.D, 'A Soldier Talks About Peace' on Tuesday; 20 October, at 8 p.m. at Paddington Town Hall, W2. Arranged by Paddington United Nations Association.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Basic Differences between the Civil Law and Common Law Systems' will be delivered by Professor H. J. Wolff (Freiburg) at 5 p.m. on 21 October at University College (Eugenics Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 20 Oct. 'The Differences between English and American Universities', by Dr A. W. Stonier; 22 Oct. 'Human Chromosomes', by Professor L. S. Penrose.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Art. H. K. Röthel, Kandinski's Way to Abstraction. Illustrated. Tu. 20 Oct., 8.15. Adm. 3s., mems 1s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 16 October, 8 p.m. Dr G. Adamovitch: 'Rosanov – Critic and Thinker' (In Russian). Fri. 23 October, 8 p.m. Soviet Russian Films.

'THE World Comes to Our Doorstep.' Westminster Branch, United Nations Association, invites you to a Discussion Meeting at 8 p.m. on 20 October at the National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, SW1.

DR. Robert Birley speaks for the National Marriage Guidance Council on 'The Family and The School' at 6.30 p.m. on Wed., 21 Oct., 1959, at Friends House, Euston Rd., NW1. Admission free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Review of the Election: discussion, Wed. 21 October, 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

ABORTION Law Reform Association. Public Meeting Wednesday, 28 October 1959 at Caxton Hall, Westminster, 7.15 p.m. 'Safety Aspects of Medical Termination': Prof. W. C. W. Nixon (University College Hosp.) and Miss D. M. Kerslake, MRCOG. Chair – Graham Hutton, OBE. Adm. free.

'MUSIC and Verse' with the New Jewish Society Wednesday 21 October, at 8. 83 Chiltern Street, W1.

'KEEPING Fit in London', Anne Cornock-Taylor, H. Bagnall Goodwin, Morris Muirhead. Caxton Hall, Mon., 19 Oct., 7.30. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lect. Wed. 21 Oct. 'Buddhism and Music'. Miss P. Kennett. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Inf. TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 18 October, 6.30. Music & Reading ? p.m. 'The Use and Abuse of Symbols': H. J. Blackham.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads, Swami Ghanananda, Thurs. 22 Oct., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Bondage & Freedom of the Soul'. Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

IWC London Branch, Fri., 23 Oct., 8.30, 'Fundamental Adult Education in Undeveloped Areas', Mrs Charles Russell (UN Assoc.), 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public Lecture. Free.

'SUICIDE is No Escape.' Public Lecture Sun. 18 Oct., 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

'THE New Fundamentalists', (Non-sect.). Talk by J. G. Bennett, author, leading authority on Eastern metaphysical teachings, on 'Can the World Religions be made to work?' Tuesday, 20 Oct., 7.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer St. (corner Caxton St.) St James' Park Tube, SW1. All welc. Non-mems 3s. 6d.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc., Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues, 7.15 p.m. 20 Oct. J. Hutton Hynd, 'John Dewey on Religion'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun., 11 a.m. 18 Oct. John Lewis, Ph.D. 'Henri Bergson: his Philosophy Reconsidered'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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Woodlands Avenue, Acton, W3
THEORY OF ORGANISATION
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by
Dr S. ANDRZEJEWSKI
(author of Military Organisation and Society)
Tuesdays
13 October, 1959 to 5 April, 1960
6.30 to 8.30
Programme from Department of Management and Production Engineering. Fee Two pounds.

'BRITISH Institutions', 8 public lectures, Tues. 6.30 p.m. begin. 20 Oct. including: The Monarchy (Sir Harold Nicolson); Church of England (Dr J. W. C. Wand); Metropolitan Police (Sir Joseph Simpson); Oxford & Cambridge (Prof. D. W. Brogan); Parliament (Lord Conesford); Lloyd's (Paul Dixey); 'The Sport of Kings' ('Hotspur' of 'Daily Telegraph'). Course ticket 7s. 6d. Details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1. WAT. 6872.

MOOR Park College, Farnham, Surrey. Some residential week-end courses: Living in Retirement, 23/25 Oct. £3; West African Creeds and Tensions, 6/8 Nov. £2 12s; The Church and Industry, 20/22 Nov. £3; Darwinism To-day, 4/6 Dec. £2 12s. Full programme from the Director of Studies.

'ELIZABETHANS Then and Now'—a course in dance and music will be conducted by Liss Ullman, Geraldine Stephenson, John Dalby, in Queen Mary Hall, YWCA, Great Russell Street, WC1 on Saturdays, 7 November, 5 December, 1959, and on 23 January, 13 February, 1960. Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

RUSSIAN, French, German. Expert Tuition by native teachers. Priv. lessons, small classes, conversation groups. French corres. crses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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PRIVATE tuition (Shorthand, Typing). Boarding for out-of town students. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd. N11. ENT. 3324.

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LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 525

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